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By *L. G. Doane, M. A.*

*Nov. 1887.*

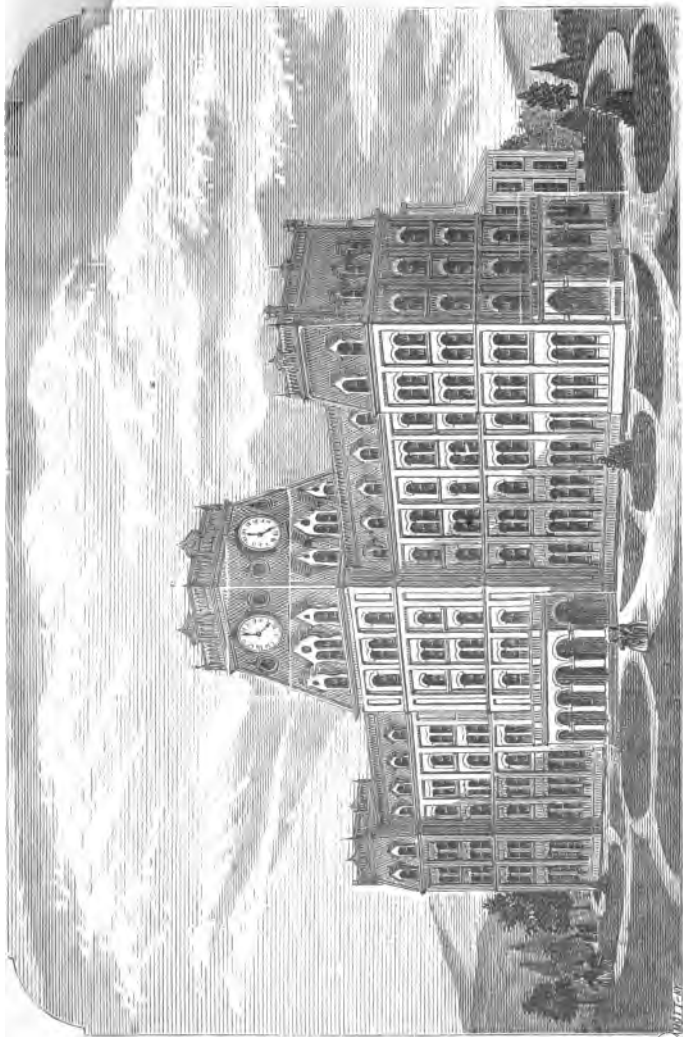




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INCIDENTS  
OF  
STUDENT LIFE.

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BY GEORGE W. WOODALL.

WITH THE  
MEMORIAL DISCOURSE ON BISHOP JANES,  
BY C. H. FOWLER, D.D., LL.D.

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THREE ILLUSTRATIONS.

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NEW YORK:  
PRINTED BY NELSON & PHILLIPS,  
808 BROADWAY.

1877.

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## PREFACE.

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THERE is no period of life so important, none involving so much of future happiness or misery, as that of school life; and yet how rarely is it that young people when passing through this period comprehend its importance, or truly know themselves. Some regard it as a mere interlude between babyhood and manhood, in which they are sent to school to fill up the time.

Much has been written on student life, but there is also much that has never been revealed.

Where all is expense and there is no income, the end of a small fund is soon reached.

Whatever may be its value after it has been

gained, one must have sufficient means to acquire an education. The author finds, after a number of years at school, that *his* means are insufficient to meet the demands of completing his course, and has written these incidents of school life, all of which have occurred during his own school course, and presents them to the public.

May this little volume receive as warm a welcome as we desire.

G. W. W.

# INCIDENTS OF STUDENT LIFE.

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## DEPARTURE FROM HOME.

IT was the evening of the last day of March. He stood at the glass panel of the front cabin door. The slide curtain was slightly drawn back, and with his face against the pane the would-be-student looked out and saw—nothing. But looking into his heart he saw the mountain of difficulty over which he was passing—the breaking away from home against the wishes of parents, leaving sobbing sisters, separating himself from all the pleasantries of home, social circle, and friends, and yet obeying the still small voice of conscience, which directed him to the ministry. A lady, unseen by the student, stepped up to him, tapped him upon the shoulder, and said,

“A penny for your thoughts.”

It was a kind lady, who, knowing that he had forgotten his umbrella, and would not have time to return for

it, hastened to get it to him before the boat should start. A few encouraging words were spoken by her to the student, but the sound of the whistle warned her that she must go ashore.

The steamer "McManus" left the pier and sailed up the Hudson. The student spent the evening retrospectively the past few months. Nearly a year before, on Easter, the day which we celebrate in commemoration of the resurrection of the beloved Saviour, Christ had risen in his heart, the hope of glory, and had lifted him from the bondage of sin into the liberty of the sons of God. A few months passed away and the superintendent called upon him to take a class in the Sabbath-school. With much hesitation on the part of the student, and urging of the superintendent, a class of five bright boys was assigned him. With earnest prayer and thoughtful preparation he labored many Sabbaths for the souls of the youth placed in his charge, and had the joyful satisfaction, before the winter was past, of seeing two of them seeking the Saviour.

It was August following his conversion when he first felt the Spirit of God whispering to him, and convincing him that there was a field of labor in our Father's great vineyard which God would have him enter, till the soil, and bear the fruits thereof to the great storehouse, heaven.



Many times did he endeavor to quench the Spirit, supposing it to be the result of ambition, and as many times did the conviction become stronger. After many weeks of sore trial and contending with the Spirit he could keep the hitherto secret no longer, and frankly disclosed it to his father.

Perhaps it would be interesting to the reader to enter with me the chamber of conference, unseen, of course, and to hear the short debate of father and son.

The father was reclining upon his couch, reading the "Christian Advocate," as the son, timid yet fearless, entered and spoke.

"Father," he said, "I feel that I am called of God to preach the Gospel, and I have come to you to advise with you."

"You? *you* called to preach the Gospel? *You* can't preach the Gospel. You haven't any *ability* to preach."

"Well, I know that, father; but I am so convinced, and cannot get rid of my conviction. I have tried to cast it from my mind and heart many times, but each time that I did so it became stronger, till I could bear no longer to keep it to myself, and, therefore, have come to you."

"But how can you preach when you have no education?"

"But, father, I can get an education, and that is what I wish to talk to you about."

"How can you get an education? Where is your money to come from? You needn't think you can call on me for four or five hundred dollars a year to go off to school, with the impression that you are studying for the ministry. I see through your scheme. All you want is to get off to school again. No, sir, you can't pull the cap over my eyes." Silence. "If I should meet your expenses, you have no ability in speaking. You cannot talk five minutes in a prayer meeting, let alone preach a sermon. *Orator nascitur, non fit*, and you needn't think that going to school or college will ever give you ability; that is natural to those who have it, and is inborn. Education merely develops it, but does not make it."

"Father, I know all that, and it gives me inward pain; but, yet, what can I do with this conviction? It will not give me rest so long as I am awake. I try to cast it aside, but cannot."

"It is merely a whim of yours; you are learning an excellent business—there is none better—give your attention to that, and don't be so foolish as to think of this any longer."

"Father, I do not wish to displease you, I will try to cast it aside if I possibly can."

And he did try. For a few days he succeeded very well indeed; but every sermon he heard and every thought of God seemed to condemn him. A few weeks more of struggling passed, and the father was again addressed upon the subject.

"Father, I have been trying to overcome the feeling that God has called me to the ministry, but I am still convinced against myself that I am truly called."

"Well, sir, I have given you my opinion of the matter; I am still of the same mind. There is no use of your persevering with me. I cannot give you my consent to leave your business to follow out such a whim."

"But, father, it is no whim; I am honest when I tell you that I believe God has called me to preach the Gospel."

"Then prove yourself by your speaking in the prayer-meetings; show by your work that you *are called*; stay at your business, and when you have learned it, if you still have the same conviction, I will see to it then; but you must drop it now."

"I will try, father, to let this be the last of it, and will attend to my business faithfully."

But little did the young man know of the ways of God, so mysterious, so unseen by human eye, and so

little understood by the finite mind of us all when he supposed that he could cast away Jehovah's will for his own, or that of his earthly parent. A few weeks more elapsed, but they were filled with daily fighting away the Lord's Spirit. Finally, with a firm resolve, father was again consulted, and when spoken to said:—

“I thought you promised me that you would say nothing more about this whim. What's the use of your lying to me in this style.”

“I know, father, I promised, but I cannot help it. It will assert itself, and it seems that I *must* give way to it.”

“Now, sir, I am done with it. I shall not stop you from going to school, nor will I give you my consent; but if you are determined to go, go; but you shall not have one red cent of mine. If you can get your education on your own responsibility, well and good; but, remember, you must never look to me for any assistance whatever.”

“Then, father, if you will not help me, I think that I can get through school and college by my own efforts. I am sorry that any thing unpleasant has occurred, but it seems to be the way that God has pointed out for me, and I feel that it is my duty to follow it.”

About the middle of the next February the young man went home. Business was suspended for a day or

two. But a week passed and he was not yet called to return to business; two weeks, four weeks passed, and still there was no call and no prospect of a return. Then came the thought to him, "Now is your time to go to school. If you are ever going to get an education you must get it now or not at all." He believed this, and fully resolved to go away to commence his studies, he corresponded with the president of an institution recommended by his pastor. The result of this correspondence was that he could enter that institution, pay part in cash, and receive work during vacation and school time to pay the rest. Encouraged by this opportunity, he began to prepare as much as it was necessary to go to school. He supposed that, perhaps, his father would relent; however, he thought that he might give his consent if talked to again. On the night before leaving, the son, knowing at what time his father would return, went to meet him. He talked earnestly with him, and tried to reconcile him to his purpose of going away, but all of no avail. His father, though a stern and decisive man, was a consistent Christian, and for many years had been a member of — Baptist Church; and though he would not give his consent for his son to study for the ministry, it was not because he was opposed to the profession, for he deemed the Christian

ministry the *highest* human profession; but because he could not persuade himself that God would call his son, who before his conversion had been so very wayward, and had given him so many hours of trouble and anxiety, to this highest profession. He did not see the meaning of God's word, that he chooses "the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty."

During their walk homeward his father again brought up the question of ability. "You have no talent or ability. If you had any it would have shown itself before this."

The son answered only by referring to Patrick Henry, and many eminent men, whose talent was entirely latent until manhood was upon them.

Many streets were passed in silence on the part of each; but Dr. Holland says, "Silence is vocal if we listen well," and so the son heard in his father's silence a struggling debate within; he also saw that the decision was rendered against him, from the expression of his father's face. That evening was a sad one at home. The son had gone out, and the theme of conversation was his going from home.

The next morning the parting between father and son was very affecting; though, except the vocal silence, there were only the good-byes heard. The day was

spent in packing up, and at five P.M. all was ready, and there was another parting, perhaps more affecting than that of the morning—the parting from mother, sisters, brothers, and friends. The poet says: “Parting gives pain”—that one truly did give pain. But we must return to the young man on the boat. He spent the evening, as we have said, reviewing the experience just related. Looking back it was sad—looking forward it was dark, and he would not have entered that darkness unless he had felt his heavenly Father’s hand leading him safely on.

#### FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

At half-past eight the next morning the Institute at Z. was reached. The acquaintance, already formed by correspondence, was now made more complete by a personal interview with the President, Dr. —. As it was already time for morning prayers, they both proceeded to the chapel. Professor M. conducted the services, which were solemn; and yet the prayer was so fervent, and the singing of two hundred students so jubilant, that the hearts of all seemed directed toward God.

After chapel services Professor M. examined the student, and assigned him to his proper classes. Then the bills were paid, and a room selected. It was a room on the rear of the building, fourth hall, with a window

facing the east. It was already occupied by a student, who, on being introduced to his new room mate, received him warmly, and they called each other "Chum."

From the very first the student kept a journal—he was opposed to a diary, as it required an entry every day; a journal when he pleased—and, in order that we may understand some of his purposes, desires, and inward life, we will make an extract, now and then, from this journal, which is now in our possession. His first entry, perhaps, made upon the boat, is dated March 31, 18—: "Being convicted that I ought to preach the Gospel, I have left home, and am going to prepare myself for the ministry."

Very few, and that few composed of those who have tried it, know the difficulty of entering upon studies after having been out of school a number of years, and we find that our student, who had not attended school for five years, was not an exception to the rule. His entry, April 2, shows this: "I commenced study to-day, and find it very hard work." April 3: "It seems that I cannot apply myself. I am afraid that I will have to give up;" but after another thought, he writes: "No, I wont give up; I'll stick to it and persevere though it makes me sick."

It was while in this state of mind that a fellow-student met him as he was passing along the hall, and said, "My



name is B., I am rooming in No. 63, call and see me. How are you getting along with your studies? How do you like your chum?" etc.

His questions were all answered and his invitation accepted. The end of the week came, and our student began to think that his father was quite right, for he felt that there really *was no talent* in himself, for though he studied diligently, and seemed to know his lessons while in his own room, when he was called upon to recite he could hardly recall a word from the text-book. He made a call on Mr. B., and told him about his experience, stating that he was "just about ready to give up and go home."

Mr. B. laughed right out, and called his opposite neighbor and said, "Ben, here is another young dominie who has got the blues; isn't it strange that nearly all we dominies have been mechanics, merchants, or farmers before we came here, and that we all got the blues as soon as we began to study?" He then added, speaking to the student with the blues, "Cheer up; what is the use of being blue. You'll be all right in a few days, we all had the same experience when we first came."

He did cheer up, and forgot his anxieties in a delightful talk with Mr. B. We find one short entry which shows the complete success of this pleasant interview:

"I have triumphed over many difficulties and am now prospering very nicely." "Words to some are, indeed, things," and "fitly spoken, they fall like the sunshine, the dew, and the fertilizing rain."

#### BOYS WILL BE BOYS.

We know that those who have not had the opportunity of attending a boarding-school or institute are always pleased to read about the exploits of mischievous students, and so we introduce an account of the first day's experience. It was "All Fools Day," and an anticipated day with the students who had spent many hours devising plans for celebrating it. The following will partly show the result.

Very early they arose, perhaps the first time in many months that they arose before "Sol," and having previously bribed the night watchman to be on special duty in some remote part of the building at that hour, they carried all the dishes, glassware, cutlery, etc., to an unoccupied room, entering through a window. A large piece of zinc was then placed upon the kitchen chimney, as they said, to "smoke the cook and kitchen maids out." They next fastened all the doors of the professors' rooms by winding wire from the door knob to a screw placed in the door frame. This, they said, was to make the pro-

fessors late at breakfast. Many of the students were kept in their rooms in the same way.

One professor, who roomed on the first floor, when he found that he had been wired in, jumped out of the window, took a walk, and returned, passing many of his persecutors as though nothing had happened. Taking the wire from his own door, he went up stairs to release his fellow-professors from their bondage. After a search of half an hour the dishes were found in the aforesaid room, the zinc was removed from the chimney-top, and breakfast was made ready without further trouble. The bell-rope was pulled, but no sound was heard. It had been muffled by the same mischievous students who had already tried the patience of the professors. The students were informed that breakfast was ready and repaired to the dining hall, where was awaiting them salted sugar and sugared salt; sweetened potatoes and vinegared meat; so that bread and water was all they could get that was fit to eat or drink, and some of the tables had even the water salted.

After breakfast nothing of special interest occurred until noon. The ladies, who thought that they had been illtreated in the morning, were determined to get the better of the boys at noon. The preceptress gave them permission to get their dinner before the gentlemen came

down. When they had finished they had the bell—which had been unmuffled—rang. The gentlemen went down to the dining-hall, surprised to see all the ladies in their seats so soon, but took their own seats and said nothing. The bell was tapped for the blessing to be asked, but the ladies didn't bow their heads; they arose, passed from the dining-hall, leaving their brother students feeling *lonely flat*.

The tables had each twelve members, generally five ladies and the rest gentlemen. The ladies were afraid that the gentlemen would resent their action at noon, and they were right; so they received permission to go to the dining hall before the bell was rung, and occupy the seats at the tables nearest the gentlemen's entrance; and, as each young man entered the room, he was met with a volley of clapping of hands, and walked, confused, to occupy the seats at the other tables. But all the students did not go to supper. There were some who could not, *would* not, acknowledge themselves beaten by the ladies. They made fast all the means of egress, and then went to a barn not far away, and boxed up a pig of two hundred pounds weight. It was carried to the gentlemen's entrance to the dining hall, let loose, and then went on an exploring expedition among the tables, amid the screaming, laughing, and crying of the students. One lady,

who vied in weight with the pig, seeing it coming toward her, climbed upon a chair ; but Mr. Pig had a strange notion to go under the chair, which would hardly admit his dimensions, and, finding his way obstructed, he indignantly overturned the chair and its occupant. The pig was caught and escorted from the room by two gallants, and a sociable followed which lasted all the evening.

## GALLANTRY.

If we were a Charles Dickens we would attempt to portray the character of the president. But our ability is found wanting. Yet we can name a few of his most prominent traits. He was at one time kind, and at another cross. When he liked a student, he liked him very much ; but when he disliked him, he disliked with all his heart. Ben likened him to a cow, which would give a good pailful of milk, and then turn around and kick it over. Our student happened to be one of the disliked ones, as we shall see from his further experience.

There were a number of students who did not care for the rules and regulations of the school, and made considerable trouble by going out on the grounds during study hours. Their frequent annoyances caused a rule to be made, that any student caught in the halls or on the grounds during study hours should be fined fifty cents,

such fines to be placed in the garden fund, to furnish flowers, plants, and seeds to decorate the grounds about the building.

It was a beautiful day, soon after the announcement of this rule, when our student went to a recitation in the Laboratory, with a nosegay of wild flowers in his button-hole, which he had gathered in the woods. They were about the first of the season, and attracted the teacher's attention, who smelled them, and expressed her admiration. Our student, as he passed from the recitation room, thought he would enjoy going to the woods at that hour to gather a bouquet, and placing it on the tea-table at her plate. He knew that *she* would enjoy it, so he resolved to go. He had walked very leisurely for nearly five minutes, studying as he walked, when he heard his name called. The messenger was a fellow-student who had been dispatched by the doctor to order him back. Then, for the first time, it came to his mind that he had been breaking a rule. He went back, and met the doctor on the stoop, who merely held out his hand as though he were begging. But the student understood the movement. He remonstrated at first, but the doctor said: "Come, hand over that fifty cents. It is the cheapest lesson you ever learned."

The student reluctantly handed him fifty cents, and

passed to his room, thinking that gallantry at that price would not pay if kept up. This remonstrance was the first cause of the doctor's ill-will toward the student.

## A CONTRACT.

Lessons were learned and classes were attended day by day, until the middle of June came, and nothing of special interest took place. With the middle of June came the close of school, and, as our student had spent nearly all his small fund, he went in search of work. His journal contains an entry, June 16: "The term having closed, I am now on my way to the city. I know not what is before me, but 'no trial, no result.'" A few days later he records: "After four days of anxiety I have got work." It must have been an uncertain position, for July 10 he records: "Alas! how things are turned against me. Here I am without work again." And five days later he says: "Not being able to get work, and having tried to earn money in several ways, but, failing in all, I have decided to go to my brother's, or to Z." At Z., it will be remembered, the Institute is situated.

Here he secured work for the rest of the vacation, and made other arrangements. He writes, August 4: "To-day I have commenced work. I have made arrangements to take the second watch, for which I expect to get board

and tuition." This arrangement he had made partly by letter, supposing that the only duty of the second watchman was to watch the building against fire and intruders. But, when he made final arrangements, duties never once thought of were introduced. Dr. — says, "Of course, you will be called by the first watchman at twelve o'clock. You must then get your eyes opened wide, and see that there is **no** danger or tramps about the building. If there should be, report immediately to some professor. Between times you can make a fire in the oven, in the cooking range, and under the steam boiler. There is a fire to be made in the laundry and ironing room, and also in the two dining room stoves. Then there is the boiler. About every hour or so you can go down and pump water into it; it will only take a few minutes, and the rest of the day is yours to study and attend your classes." If our student were entering the doctor's services as a laborer only, he would have hesitated long before accepting such a situation, and much more did he hesitate to accept it as a student. A few days of consideration were sufficient to decide him. He writes: "In finding what my duties are in regard to the watch, I can plainly see that I am not equal to the task. I shall go to the city, and, perhaps, I can find some kind friend who will help me out."



He reported his decision to the doctor, who was greatly enraged that he had given it up. The student tried to show the doctor why he had given it up, but he would not listen to any explanation. Then he stated that he was going to the city, and wished a letter of recommendation to present to some friends through his pastor. Dr. ——— promised to write one and send it by mail. The day before he went to the city he met the doctor, and asked him if he had written the letter. Dr. ——— said that he had not, but would do it then. He went to his office, penciled a note, gave it to his secretary to rewrite and mail, and then left the Institute.

The doctor and his family did not live in the institute building, but had a beautiful residence about five minutes' walk from it. He was always away from the Institute except a few hours daily, when he would come to hear a class recite or attend to some financial business. On account of his absence, Professor M., being the highest professor, had charge of the school, and so Dr. ——— became very little acquainted with the characters of the students, and often judged, or perhaps I should say, misjudged, a student by his individual dealings with himself. When his secretary—a large hearted and kind widow lady, who had three sons—read the note, she felt sad, for as she was well acquainted with the student, she

knew that what Dr. — stated was not true of him. She called Professor M. and requested him to read the note, and then asked him what he thought she ought to do with it. He, thoughtful and generous man, whom all knew to be the student's friend, suggested to lay it aside until the student had gone to make his arrangements, and when he should return to send it. She took his advice. When the student was going away she said to him: "Dr. — has written an awful letter to your pastor, but I am not going to send it till you have returned; so make your arrangements as quickly as possible and come back."

We do not know the entire contents of the note, but from an entry made August 15, we may know how the student appreciated it: "Dr. — has written to my pastor that I am fickle, that I am not worthy of aid, and that he has offered me excellent opportunities which I would not accept. It hurt me very much, but I will try to prove to him that it is a falsehood. Mrs. W. was very kind to keep that letter until I went to the city and made my arrangements, and I thank her for it." This giving up the watch was the second cause of the doctor's ill feeling. Though disliked by the doctor, our student was able, through kind Professor M., to make other arrangements to stay at school; for, in an entry made on

the seventh of the following September, he writes as follows: "To-day I commenced my classes for the new school year, and how good it seems to study again after so long a vacation. I must work four hours each day this term to make up the deficiency in my bill, which will interfere somewhat with my lessons." It seems from this that he did not receive much money from friends. In the same entry he speaks thus of his second chum, whose name is Lyon: "My chum is a good fellow. He is a lion, indeed, so noble, so consistent, so faithful, and good. I wish I had some of his zeal." Would that all *chums* in our schools could have the same *reputation*. The term passed very pleasantly.

#### THE STUDENT AS HERDSMAN.

The four hours per day were spent chiefly upon the farm. Dr. — had bought a large herd of western cattle to butcher for the Institute as occasion required, and, as they were very wild, they had to be watched continually while in the pasture or they would jump the fences and devastate the neighbor's corn and vegetables. Another young man was sent down in the morning and our student went in the afternoon. Sometimes the cattle, while grazing, would give no trouble for hours at a time, and, as our student always took some of his text-books

with him, he diligently devoted these hours to study. Frequently, when one of the herd became a little frightened, it would start up, bellow, and run, then the whole herd would follow suit, and the only way to stop them was to take a large circuit and head them off, when they would *go back leisurely*.

#### WHIPPED DOGS.

Mr. N., a western young man, occupied the room next to our student, and roomed alone. He was broad-shouldered, and six feet two inches in height. Though quite young, he had a very heavy beard and mustache, to which his fellow-students were very much opposed. They ridiculed him very much, but Mr. N. did not care for their ridicule. They said to him, "You had better cut off those whiskers;" but he answered that he didn't intend to. This, they thought, was a sufficient challenge for them to do it themselves. So they determined that they would.

There were six who entered the clique. They had a private meeting, and prepared their plan. They knew that he had an evening class, and their plan was to get into his room while he was in his recitation, and as he entered it, four should seize him and bind him to a chair, while the other two shaved off his whiskers. But the

fates were against them. They got into his room with a skeleton key, made all preparation, put out the light, and closed the blinds. They took their positions: two behind the door, two at the foot of the bedstead, and the other two at the chair.

Mr. N., as he passed from his class-room, looked out of the window and noticed that his blinds were shut and his light out, which was contrary to his custom, and suspected that something was up. On his way up stairs he seized an old table leg which had been placed under a sash to hold it up, as the weight-ropes were broken. He opened his door cautiously, and, as it opened, the two behind the door stepped out to seize him. But Mr. N. raised his club, struck the attitude of the defensive, and called out, "Go back! go back! If one of you *dare* to come out till a light is brought I'll knock you down. Go back! go back!" But the two who were behind the door dared to go out, each receiving a severe blow with the table leg. The rest were intimidated by their comrades sharing so poorly, and remained in the room, with Mr. N. at the door, with his raised cudgel, for nearly twenty minutes. Then the professor, who had been out, came with a lamp and revealed the four, who walked out looking very pale, and more like whipped dogs than daring young men. The two who had gone out rushed

down stairs flight after flight, the one after the other. The first thought that the second was Mr. N. pursuing him, and ran out across the campus and up the road. The second followed the first, afraid to be left behind, and it was not till both were tired out that the mistake was discovered. Of course the offenders were punished severely.

At the end of the term an entry was made, dated December 4: "O how soon this term has passed away! And looking back upon it, can I see any thing that I have accomplished for God? Alas! there is nothing but leaves; no gathered sheaves! O how many golden opportunities have been wasted! time, precious time, lost! 'Nothing but leaves, the spirit grieves.'" December 5 it is written: "To-night I made my arrangements for the winter term, and I think they are very satisfactory. I am real glad that I will not have to work so much this term, for I can have more time to study, which I intend to do with all my might."

#### AN ACCIDENT.

During the winter term he only had to work one hour per day, and frequently there was nothing to do. But to make up for this leisure time, he was often called upon to go to the farm on Saturday. Dr. — was build-

ing a large aquarium, in which he intended to keep trout and other choice fish. All the working students were called upon on Saturday, two weeks before Christmas, to go to the farm to help draw stone. All the morning was spent by the boys in loosening and throwing down from a precipice rocks, which the men drew away with stone boats to the masons.

The boys were all told to help load the stone-boats in the afternoon, as there were enough rocks loosened. As there was nothing to do while the teams were away, they invented something. "Let us go on a strike to fill up the time," said one, and two others joined him. But as a strike is never unanimous, there were three who would not go on a strike, and, therefore, had to be compelled.

Two of these, after considerable threatening, joined the strikers, but the third was still obstinate. Some of these had crowbars, and others hammers, sticks, etc., to compel him to join their number. Our student made a semblance of striking him with a stick ten feet long, but it struck a tree near by. A piece two feet long broke off, swung round the tree, and endwise struck our student in the eye. He was led to the village doctor, who declined to treat it, for it was badly hurt, he said, and needed some one experienced in treating the eye to

attend to it; but he directed him to an oculist in the city.

It was about 2 P. M. when the accident took place, and about 11 P. M. when he arrived at the oculist's. After a careful examination five particles of wood were extracted. The pupil was not seriously hurt, and, in four weeks, the student returned to school and resumed his studies.

#### CHRISTIAN THOUGHTS.

There are a few entries made after his return from the city that we will insert here, because they contain Christian thoughts, and show a few trials and struggles of the soul. The first is Jan. 5: "You are quite a stranger to me, my little book. I wish you a real 'Happy New Year,' but I suppose you will receive the bitter with the sweet; yet I hope that the sweet and pleasant records will occupy so many of your pages that the unpleasant will scarcely be found. With the new year I have made new resolutions—to live a life for God. O, how I love Jesus! and how it pays to be a Christian! I would not be a student without Jesus for any thing. He is such a great help in my studies. I was talking to Professor M. to-night; what a grand man he is! I really adore him, he is so kind to me."



Jan. 6: "The trials and duties of another day are gone. To-day Jesus has been with me. O how he blessed me in the noon prayer-meeting! I find it is possible even for me to be faithful; but O! how hard; and yet how it pays! Such joy! such peace! I would not give up religion for the world. I am determined I will not let my studies keep me from my God. I will learn to serve *him* whether I learn lessons or not. They have been very hard for me during the past few days, and I hear other boys complaining of the same trouble. It hardly pays to hurt your eyes and lose so much time."

Jan. 7: "I am gaining ground. My peace is getting sweeter every day. How sorry I am that our noon prayer-meeting is not better attended. There were only four in it to-day. I will make it an object of prayer that our Father will awaken the Christian young men to their duty. I know that my Redeemer liveth, for he dwells in my heart. His spirit and mine doth agree. O, I am determined to live devoted to God, for I find every act done for him has excellent pay attending it, not thinking of the glory that I shall enjoy in eternity. I mean to get nearer, still nearer to him."

Jan. 8: "I was just wondering if there is any young man as happy as I. I am so glad that I refused to yield to temptation to-day. The simple act of refusing to do

wrong gives me more pleasure than anything wrong *could* impart."

Jan. 9, Saturday: "Can it be possible that another week is so nearly gone! As I look upon it, and see how it has been spent, I really think and feel that I am advancing in holiness, for I have so much more strength to overcome than ever I had before. I find by experience that it is better to do right under all circumstances, and I find, also, that each victory helps me others to win. I am going to Sunday-school to-morrow, and expect to give up the office of librarian, and take a class of boys to teach, as I think I can do more good by teaching. O God, direct thy servant to do thy will! Thou knowest that I am anxious to forward thy glory, and that I am willing to do whatever thou wouldst have me to do. Teach me to live to thy glory, devoting each moment, with some kind word or action to thee!"

Jan. 10; "Twenty-four hours gone since I wrote any thoughts in this book. Why, where have they gone to? It really seems but a short time; but they are gone, gone forever. To-day has been a special day of peace to my soul. The Lord blessed me in going to Sabbath-school this morning, and in church I received an abundant blessing. We had an excellent meeting to-night. Messrs. B. and S. expressed their dissatisfaction with

their present state of heart. I hope and pray that God will convert them. O, my Father, prepare and equip me for the duties of the week, I pray thee! Amen."

Jan. 11: "To-night I feel the presence of the Lord with me. Abide with me always. It is glorious to live a Christian. O professing Christians, who have not the presence of Christ, do you know what you lose by professing and not possessing religion? O how easy it is to be a Christian when the heart is right! No more for now; good night, receptacle of my thoughts."

Jan. 12: "This has been a day of pleasure and joy to my soul. What a grand meeting we had at noon. Some of those whom I least expected were in to-day. I am more convinced every day that God does answer prayer. I have prayed nearly a week that he would increase our number, and to-day we had twice as many as usual. There is the old bell tolling for me to go to bed. O how many times we hear the same old bell ring to call us from our labors to a refreshing rest!"

We cannot help admiring the last few extracts from the journal, they show so many beauties of religion. There are many wealthy men to-day who would give all they are worth to enjoy our student's experience in Christ's love. But they may enjoy it, and keep their

wealth, if they will only ask it. Is God a respecter of persons? If one person enjoys a rich blessing, has not another just as much claim to a similar blessing? and may he not have it if he will? Our taking from His storehouse does not diminish it any. "There is enough for each, enough for all, and enough for evermore."

The journal was laid aside for a number of weeks till March 4. He then records: "It is some time since I had the pleasure of inscribing in my book. I am going to form a habit of laying out a plan each night for the subsequent day."

To give the reader an idea of this plan we will introduce the first one here: "To-morrow I will rise early—after breakfast study my Algebra—next go to Latin recitation, after which I will read 'Students' Manual' till noon. Engage in my noonday devotions, and prepare for dinner. After dinner I will get my Latin prepared for next day, work an hour, and then get coal and study my recitation. After tea study till 7:20, and go to society. O, God, help me to be useful—to devote each moment to thy glory—to gather up the fragments of time that are passing by unnoticed and unprovided for! Amen."

Sometimes this plan was neglected, and when it was not followed out it was with much regret. On one of

these occasions he writes: "To-day has been one of singular experience. As I look back upon it I cannot help but regret the loss of so many precious moments. By the non-fulfillment of the habit of having a plan laid out for the day I have accomplished but very little. Thus I have proved that having a plan for each day is a great help. I feel to-night that I am too distant from God, that I need a new consecration, that my heart is divided, and not wholly given to the Lord. O help me, heavenly Father, by thy divine grace, to keep from temptation, and to present myself a living sacrifice to thee!"

Our student's visits home were few and far between, but when he did go they were always very enjoyable. After one of these visits he writes: "It hardly seems possible that two weeks have passed since I last wrote in this little book, and yet from the date of my last inscription it is even true. O how time flies! It is like the swift shadow of a cloud; it appears, passes us, and is gone, never again to be seen or even thought of. What a splendid visit I had at home this week! O how it has filled me with new energy!"

## OUR STUDENT AS TEACHER.

The winter term passed, and the end of the spring term came, and the long summer vacation was before our student. He tried to get into business, but as all business seemed to be at a standstill he did not succeed. He tried canvassing, but, as he said, it was repugnant to him. At the end of the fifth week, through the influence of Professor M., he went to Z. to write for the doctor. The doctor was advertising the institution very widely that summer, and the writing was chiefly directing catalogues.

Our student worked faithfully, knowing that only by faithful endeavors could he bring himself into the favor of the doctor. The secretary and Professor M. knew this also, and were glad to report, when the doctor asked them about the young man, that he was very much devoted to his work, and by their favorable reports his prejudice was gradually passing away. A few days before the vacation was over he met the student at the Institute gate, and invited him to take his arm and walk to his house. He then commended the student, and expressed his appreciation of the efforts made by him to please. He then asked the student about his prospects for the coming school year, which were not very bright. The

student thought he would leave the Institute and teach during the winter if he could get a good school. The doctor advised him to make the effort.

Four weeks passed, and our student engaged as principal of H—— Academy—so called, but it was only an advanced district school. The doctor was very much pleased with the result of this endeavor, and lavished compliments upon him. He said he never had a student, during his twenty-eight years' experience as a teacher, who went from his school and did so well in his first experience as teacher. He gave him a great deal of advice and instruction how to govern the school. Our student, now a teacher, labored faithfully in this new vocation, and we need not say that he had excellent success. Some time after his taking this school we find this entry in his journal: "What a vast change in my circumstances! Instead of being the subject of the doctor's derision and the object of his hostility, I am, I might say, one of his favorites. Instead of trying to do all that he can to discourage, as he used to do, he encourages me by doing every thing in his power to please me. I never knew a man to change from one extreme to the other in so short a time. I think it was my working so faithfully in his office last summer that made him like me so much. Instead of going to school, I am now

teaching, and have, 'as the doctor says, the best school in the county. God has been real good to me during the past year. His abundant blessings I cannot number."

It seems, amid the cares of taking charge of so large a school and the influence of society, the thermometer of his Christian peace had gone down imperceptibly, until, at last, he could not help seeing it. At this time he writes: "Again the spirit moves me to insert a few thoughts in my journal. What a bitter experience arises from not being very near to God! How much evil there is in the world! O how utterly unable we are at times to avoid it! God must ordain it for some purpose. As Dr. Holland has it, 'we may win by toil, endurance; saintly fortitude by pain; by sickness, patience; but the great stimulus that spurs to life, and crowds to generous development, each chastened power and passion of the soul, is the temptation of the soul to sin, resisted, and conquered evermore!'"

#### THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

During his term of teaching he was very stern yet kind. The scholars soon learned that he meant what he said, and conducted themselves accordingly. There was one little fellow who was inclined to disturb the recitations



in defiance of the school-master's rules. The teacher was explaining an example in arithmetic. Georgie commenced to whistle through his teeth. It was very annoying, and the teacher remarked that he did not like to hear it, and went on with the explanation. Soon the same whistling was heard again. This time the teacher, though he knew well who did it, said, "The next boy that whistles shall go into solitude," and then continued to make clear the difficulties of the example. Soon the whistle was heard again. The teacher turned again and the following dialogue ensued.

"Georgie, did you whistle?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, sir, you know the penalty ; go to the closet and close the door."

This closet was ample in size, and well lighted by a large window. He did not move.

"Georgie, I want you to go into that closet."

"Well, I don't haff ter!"

"You don't have to? Rise immediately, sir, and go into that closet or I shall 'haff ter' help you." Still he did not move. Then the teacher walked from the platform, took him gently by the collar, and, though he resisted, walked him into solitude. The recitation was resumed without any remarks.

Many of the scholars lived at a distance, and were not able to go home to dinner at noon. These, as soon as they had eaten their luncheon, engaged in some harmless amusement, which frequently ended in a quarrel between two or more of them. As the teacher was absent to dinner they took many advantages which his presence would have checked. One pleasant day they engaged in a sparring match. It was lively fun at first, but one struck another a "smarter" with his flat palm, which the other resented, and a fight ensued. When the teacher returned the scholars' countenances revealed that something was up. He asked what was the matter, and many voices called out that two of the boys had been fighting. After investigation had been made, Georgie's brother was found to be one of the pugilists. Both were ordered to remain in their seats all the next noon. But Georgie's brother declared that he would not, and persuaded his father to allow him to leave school.

#### SABBATH SERVICE.

On the Sabbath after commencing his duties as teacher our student inquired about the churches of the place, and was surprised to learn that there was not a service held in any direction nearer than three miles. Here seemed to be the first opportunity for him to work for God.

The field was large, and needed cultivation. There were two hotels where liquor was sold. Satan had two strong fortifications, but God had none. He prayed and thought over it all the week, and at last decided that there must be preaching there at least once every Sabbath, even if he had to do it himself.

He went to the trustees, asked and received permission to hold meetings in the school-house every Sabbath afternoon. As the Institute was only three miles and a half away, he persuaded a few Christian young men to come out and assist him. On Friday a meeting for the following Sabbath was announced from the school-house desk, and published by the scholars. Sunday afternoon came, and the house was full. Ben, before spoken of, preached an appropriate and earnest sermon to them, and then a half hour was spent in singing. Every Sabbath the meetings were well attended, and though none came out for Christ, the people seemed very much impressed with the importance of being prepared for death. Many who had once enjoyed religion, like the prodigal son, began to long for home, and we hope that not a few of them were wise enough to say, "I will arise and go to my Father." There were many poor people who could not keep a horse, and who had not attended church for years, who enjoyed these services very much.

In the spring our student returned again to the Institute and resumed his studies. The doctor had been very much opposed to his giving up the school, and advised him not to do so, saying that he might never again have an opportunity as good to earn money, and that he had better remain there until he had considerable ahead. But the student was not in favor of this plan for **several** reasons. He decided not to **pursue it**. The doctor was **greatly enraged at this**, and denounced him roundly. His enmity was then again incurred by the student.

#### HAZING.

Very few institutions are free from hazing, pillow-fighting, etc., and this was not an exception. There was one student who came at the first of the spring term, who, from all appearances, was a country chap, and as green as a backwoodsman. Some boys always know a greeny when they see him, and they well knew this one. He roomed on the second hall. While he was out some of the mischievous boys went into his room, upturned every-thing, and piled them, first the parts of the bedstead, then the table, next the mattress, and the chairs. Then the wash-pitcher, basin, stand, every-thing took its place upon the heap. When greeny returned he was amazed, but quickly put the bedstead up and every thing

in its place. He had occasion to leave his room again soon after, and again the boys upset the room. Greeny rearranged it when he returned. Later in the evening he was persuaded to visit a neighbor's room, and during his absence the contents of his room were once more overturned. This time the boys gathered around him and told him that the room was haunted, that ghosts appeared every night, and no one would ever stay in *that* room. He believed them, and could not be persuaded to remain in it alone.

## SOCIABLES.

School life is not always irksome in a boarding school. There are many means of enjoyment; one of these was the "term sociable." It was held in the drill hall, and all students were required to attend. Each person, as he or she entered, was ushered to the receiving committee, was received by said committee with the usual ceremonies, and then "hitched up" in pairs, as the students called it. As the design of the sociable was to get the gentlemen and lady students acquainted with each other, there was a rule that no gentleman should be with one lady more than five minutes, and some professor was appointed to take notice of all such as trespassed this rule and to give a lecture entitled "Old Hundred," in

which they placed in derision, before the other students, all those who were unable to break off when the time was up. There were many couples who were enjoying each other's society so much that they defied the professor and remained together all the evening.

As the days became longer breakfast was placed at an earlier hour. On this account many students were late at breakfast ; some were dilatory at dinner and tea also. To obviate this Dr. — introduced a system of fines. Every time a student was late he must pay ten cents ; every time a professor was late he must pay twenty cents. A treasurer was appointed at each table. Some of the treasurers received very many fines, and the question arose what should be done with the money. Dr. — said that any table that had a certain amount could have a feast. These feasts were unique affairs. The ladies, in the afternoon, were allowed to go to the kitchen to bake the cake, make the chocolate and lemonade, and to superintend the setting of the table for the special occasion. The gentlemen, of course, were allowed to assist them to do such work as scraping the chocolate, cutting the lemons, turning the freezer, etc. These feasts never commenced until the others had eaten, and lasted at least an hour. Then the professor or lady teacher, who joined the feasts, left the students to clear the table and

wash the dishes, which was never done in a hurry. Of course both the gentlemen and lady students acknowledged that before and after the feasts were much preferable to the feasts themselves.

#### SHADY COMPLEXION.

The "Hampton Jubilee Singers" visited the Institute and sung for the students. They had an engagement at another place that evening, and must reach a certain train. The doctor ordered the bob-sleigh to be brought. Six boards were placed across for seats, and eighteen ladies of shady complexion took possession of them. The gentlemen of color walked. The students sang "Good-bye, ladies," and the sleigh started. The horses were spirited, and started off lively. In passing a corner they made a short turn. The runner struck a frozen snow-bank, which overturned the eighteen ladies of shady complexion and the driver. They appeared like a swarm of black ants, wandering around in the snow, and the doctor himself could not refrain from laughter. If it had been their death, the students could not have helped laughing.

#### CAMPUS MEETINGS.

On any special campus occasions, a base ball match, or a special military drill, when the weather was favorable

the ladies were allowed to go upon the ground as spectators. They occupied seats provided for them. The gentlemen were always glad when the ladies had these opportunities, for it afforded them a chance of having a familiar chat with some lady, and after the game to escort her to the Institute entrance. These games and special drills were very interesting and exciting.

#### FIRE.

It was during the last session of preliminary examination that Professor B. entered the chapel where the examination was held, looked out of each window as he walked to the platform, returned and passed out. All thought this a very strange action on the part of the professor, but supposed that some unruly student was in mischief. Soon after the doctor came in, gasping, and said, "Boys, the building is on fire!" They all jumped up and were going to rush out, but the doctor cried, almost yelled, "Sit down! sit down!" and then ordered them to get their pails, and form a line from the pond to the roof, and pass up water. The ladies were cautioned not to be alarmed. There were two students near the door, one of whom was our student, who, as soon as they heard the word fire, ran out of the door before the order to sit down was given. They looked along the



second, third, and fourth halls, but saw no sign of fire. They then thought it must be on the fifth. This was occupied by ladies only, and the doors leading to it from the gentlemen's side of the house were fastened. Mr. N., before mentioned as the man from the West, raised his foot and put it through the panel; the rest of the door was broken down, and they passed up stairs. Still there was no sign of fire. By this time a young colored man, and many others from the village, were upon the scene. They raised the colored man up to open the sky-light, but it would not open; he then struck it with both hands sending it clear over the roof into the back yard. A ladder was now placed to go upon the roof, and the fire was discovered on the north-east wing. Two fire extinguishers were brought, and in less than two hours the fire was put out. It seemed that some student had started a fire in his stove with chips and shavings; the sparks flew up the chimney, and a strong north-west wind blew them upon the shingle-roof, which, being very dry, soon caught fire.

#### MAKING CANDY.

During the winter months the students were very fond of cooking in their own rooms. They made chocolate, tea, caramels, oyster-stews, sugar and molasses candy;

cooked Saratoga potatoes, and the neighbors' chickens and ducks, etc., etc. One Friday evening, the studies of the week being over, our student and a classmate agreed to spend the evening making sugar candy. The materials were purchased in the village, and immediately after tea the saucepan was put on, and the sugar soon commenced to melt. Every thing was done according to a recipe, which said the candy would be done in an hour; but eight o'clock came, nine passed by, then the bell rang at ten to retire, and the candy was still upon the stove, not done. Their chum retired, leaving our student and his friend to attend to the candy. They put the lamp out, but the gleam of the wood fire lit up the room. The watchman came and called, "Light out!" "It is out," said they. But the watchman did not believe them, and again called out, "Put that light out!" nor would he leave the door till they opened it and let him into the secret. About midnight the two young men might have been seen pulling that candy till blisters appeared upon their hands. They both retired in the "wee sma' hours" of the following morning, with an experience in making candy never to be effaced from their memory.

## AN UNFAIR DECISION.

The doctor was very much in favor of having every year a prize exhibition in declamation. Besides a few prizes there would be a number selected to receive "honorable mention." These exhibitions were always free, and were very interesting. There was one special contest, called the "Rhetorical Contest," which created very much excitement in the Institute. The following, from a daily paper, will give the reader an idea of what students think of partiality :—

"AN UNFAIR DECISION.—The largest audience of the year gathered at College Hall last evening, the occasion being the rhetorical contest for the prize of being sent to Albany on July 5 next to compete for the Inter-academical prize. There were seventeen students on the programme, the best speakers of both sexes in the Institute. Long weeks, yes, months, of anxious preparation had been spent by some. The eventful time arrived at last. The speaking was the best ever witnessed at the Institute. Great enthusiasm prevailed. Then, lo, and behold! when the committee of five selected to make the awards, and of whom the doctor was one, sent in their report, the son of the president was awarded the prize! Now this young gentleman is a very estimable

youth, and has many friends, but not the most sanguine of these ever would have dreamed of giving the honor to him, for his speaking was as far from coming up with several others as the early dawn is from the full splendor of the noon-day sun. Every body acknowledges this. There was not a student, professor, or citizen present, except the committee led by Dr. —, who has not expressed an opinion that it is an unfair award. The ladies' awards were satisfactory and right; but against the awards toward the young gentlemen we, the undersigned students, do most earnestly protest." (Signed by thirty-three names.)

#### UNDER DISCIPLINE.

But these incidents are a digression from the doctor and student. We have already intimated that the doctor was impulsive and petulant at times, and an incident which occurred in chapel one morning in April revealed those traits very forcibly. He had just returned from Troy Conference, and was relating his experience and reporting Conference news and incidents to the students. He always required every student to look up at him when he was talking to them. When he had been talking about ten minutes he saw a small boy inattentive. He called him to order, and asked him if he knew what

he had been talking about. The boy said, "No, sir." He then asked another boy. This one did not know either. Then the question was put to the whole school, but no one answered, nor could any one tell, the doctor himself included, for he was at times very ambiguous in his conversation. It enraged him that no one knew what he had been talking about, but he went on. Soon our student, though paying strict attention to the doctor's speech, cast his eyes from the speaker to the desk, and was thinking about what had been said. The doctor saw that he was not looking at him, and reproved him publicly. Soon after he again unconsciously cast his eyes upon the desk, and again the doctor called him to order, saying, "If you can't look at me while I am talking you may leave the chapel." Our student, displeased that the doctor should thus call out his name in public, sat very straight, with arms folded. The doctor then accused him of trying to hide himself behind the western man, who sat in the seat in front of him, therefore he moved out between two students. Then the doctor said that he was impertinent, and told him to go to his office after chapel. He went, and awaited the doctor's coming, and then said:—

"Did you wish to see me, doctor?"

"No, no, sir. I don't wish to see you. I have told

Professor M. to write to your father to take you home."

"But," said the student, "that is not necessary. You know that I came here upon my own responsibility, and will leave if it is your wish."

"I don't care how you go; any way to get rid of you."

The student then went to the office and asked for his bill up to date. The book-keeper was surprised that he was going to leave. The doctor entered the office, and when the book-keeper asked him how he should make out the bill—to date or for full term—replied that he did not care how it was made out; and then, turning to the student, said, "You are ungrateful, mean, and impertinent!"

But the student knew that it was his passion talking, and not the doctor, and kept quiet.

Professor M. talked with the student. He thought it would not be best for him to leave and make a break in his course, and stated that he would explain the matter to the doctor, who, he knew, after a day or two, would let it pass. But the student said he did not wish to be under such a tutor any longer; that he would go immediately to the C. C. I., and there resume his studies without any break, and was still decided to go.

In the afternoon the student felt that he ought not to leave with any ill feeling existing between the doctor and himself, and just before train time he went to see the doctor at his house. He was in the garden, working in the flower patch. The student approached him and said: "Doctor, I am going away on the next train and have come to bid you good-bye, and to explain that I did nothing this morning to disobey *intentionally*."

"I don't want to hear any thing from you, sir; you have come up here to *blow* me; good-bye, good-bye, sir."

"But, doctor, you don't call this expulsion, do you?"

"You may call it whatever you please; you are going away under *discipline*, and you will hear from it. Go on, sir, go on; I want to have nothing more to do with you."

He went *on* toward the depot, but with a sad heart; and *yet* he knew that all the students and all the Faculty sympathized with him, and thought he was right to thus resent the doctor's improper conduct. He always thought himself a good judge of character, but in the doctor he found a very difficult case, and never knew how to take him.

We would not do the doctor justice, though, if we did not state that he had some *grand* and *noble* qualities. He always tried to inspire the students with disinter-

ested benevolence, and he could never turn away any body who came to him in need. For any young man who had but little means and was willing to work to pay for his tuition, he would exert himself a great deal to find work either on the farm or in the house. Many of the students, when their study course was over, would receive an excellent situation obtained by the doctor's special efforts. The advice and principles that he gave to the students were very *excellent, and undoubtedly will tell in their* future characters.

#### NEW SURROUNDINGS.

As the student left the Institute at Z., with all its pleasures and disagreeable occurrences, we must follow him to his new surroundings. Nothing unpleasant occurred during his stay at this Institute, and we see no reason why we should keep the name and situation from the reader.\* Our own description of this beautiful and excellent Institute could not do it the due justice that others have given it.

The site of the Institute comprises ten acres of land, situated upon an eminence about eight minutes' walk from the railroad depot at Hackettstown, overlooking the entire village and commanding an extensive view of

\* See Frontispiece.



the lovely valley of the Musconetcong and the School-ey's Mountain range beyond. The grounds are graded, and planted with the most extensive variety of ornamental trees and shrubbery to be found in this part of the State. The village of Hackettstown is in Warren County, New Jersey, about fifty miles from New York city, and twenty-four from Easton, Pa. It is noted for its beauty of situation, its salubrious climate, the excellence of its water, and the thrift of its inhabitants.

"Some of the committee\* have had extensive acquaintance with other and similar institutions East and West, and we are free to say we know of none whose buildings are comparable, either for beauty of situation and grandeur of scenery, or for solidity, convenience, and beauty of structure. The rooms are furnished finely, and heated with steam; and the purest, sweetest, soft spring water is carried to the upper floor of the building. We think we do no injustice to the many elegant seats of learning throughout the land when we say that, for convenience and elegance, this excels them all; and in ability of its instructors, and every facility for securing a thorough classical and academic education, it equals the best. . . . The uniform method of instruction and of kind Christian courtesy between pupil and instructor im-

\* Committee on Examination.

pressed your committee. We felt that there was a head to the Institution, and that associate instructors vied with each other in executing the plans laid down. . . . The moral atmosphere of the Institution is invigorating and wholesome. It is easy and cheering to lead in chapel worship, because of the spirit of devotion manifested. Your committee are delighted in being able to say to the parents who must become the patrons of this school, they will here find a beautiful Christian home for their children; and this fact explains the social harmony existing. The very able President, Rev. George H. Whitney, D.D., and his associate professors and teachers, deserve the thanks of the patrons of the Institution, and will surely receive what will be as grateful to them, a patronage which shall be limited only by the accommodations which they have to offer, or may be able to provide."

#### PROVIDENCE.

Our student entered this Institution at the middle of the spring term, and enjoyed thoroughly the advantages above named. He soon became acquainted with the Faculty and students, and was warmly received into their friendship. There was one occasion when he was brought vividly before the students as a Christian.

Two young men went out one evening without per-

mission, and came back long after the door had been locked for the night. This late return had been anticipated, and a rope-ladder provided. The chum of one of the young men promised to stay up and watch for their return. When they came the ladder was let down and the young men ascended. One of the professors was very sleepless on that night, and heard the footsteps in the path. He, unobserved, saw the whole performance, but did not make himself known. The next morning it was reported to the president. After chapel exercises Dr. Whitney told of the incident, and said that the young men who had been out must give up the rope-ladder before twelve o'clock, and if they did not they must consider themselves dismissed. He then said, " 'Be sure your sins will find you out.' There is always a kind Providence that reveals the perpetrators of wrong."

It happened that the professor who had seen these young men was very unpopular and disliked by some, and when it was known to them that *he* was the means of Providence, and had reported the young men, they disliked him the more, and posted papers on his door, when he was out, with such inscriptions as "Providence," "sneak," and many other terms that are too disrespectful to insert here.

Our student was just returning from a recitation, and

seeing these upon the door tore them all off except the "Providence," which he thought was a joke—the rest an insult. Those who pasted up these papers, and also those who approved of the action, were much enraged at the student, and asked him what right he had to interfere with their doings. He answered that it was an insult to the professor and a slander upon his character, that he would not allow it in his presence, and that he had a right to tear them off on these grounds. They disputed this right, and argued upon it at every opportunity for many days; but the student held his ground all through. Soon, however, they yielded to him, and ever afterward respected him much more for taking a stand for the right. The young men who went out at night gave the rope-ladder to some fellow-students, who sent it away by express. But when noon came and it could not be found they were dismissed.

#### THE GRAND VIEW HOUSE.

The end of the term and school year soon came, and our student again started out to obtain funds for the following year. Canvassing seemed to be the most favorable outlook, and a good book was selected for this purpose. Another young man, who was in similar circumstances, was going to canvass for the same book, and

they thought that they could do as well, and it would be more pleasant, if they went together. Our student's brother lived on the northern suburbs of a beautiful town on the Hudson, about one hundred miles from New York city. The house was situated on an eminence, and commanded a view of the river for miles and the whole extent of the Catskill Mountains. On account of its beautiful scenery it was called "The Grand View House." The student's brother kindly invited both young men to come to his house and make it their head-quarters. The invitation was gratefully accepted. From this place they went to the surrounding towns and villages to canvass their work. They had many singular experiences, perhaps the same as all canvassers are accustomed to have, but we will not take the space to describe them here. The student's sister and two lady friends were expected to spend a week, including the Fourth of July, at The Grand View House. The two students easily persuaded themselves that, as they had studied very hard during the school year, and had gone right to work, as soon as vacation commenced, taking no time to themselves, a week of recreation, riding, fishing, boating, walking, and *talking*, would do them good, and, in fact, that it was actually necessary for their general good. Accordingly, July 3, the canvassing was laid aside and preparations

were made for the coming of the ladies, who were expected on the night boat. The young men fully intended to be gallant, and meet the ladies at the wharf as soon as the boat arrived, and escort them to the "Grand View," but they are spoken of thus in the following description of their sail and arrival :—

"Uncle John took charge of our baggage and accompanied us to the pier from whence the elegant river steamer 'New Champion' sailed. We went on board, bade Uncle John good-bye, and went to the upper deck. The 'Thomas Powell' lay at the same pier and in front of us, and delayed us for a short time. Soon, however, the whistle blew, and, making a graceful curve, she sailed out into the current, and up stream ahead of us. Our own steamer's moorings were loosened, and we left the pier, following in the wake of the Thomas Powell. We passed pier after pier until the city was only distinguishable by the smoky atmosphere surrounding it. That solemn, mysterious silence which nature reverently folds like a velvet pall over the bier of the pale dead day, when the sky is

'Filling more and more with crystal light,  
As pensive evening deepens into night,'

was now hushing the hum and stir of the villages. 'Out of the eastern sky, up through the gauzy cloud-bars,

rose the moon, round, radiant, almost full, shaking off the mists, burnishing the waves with a ghostly luster.' A slight breeze rose and fluttered our scarfs and waved our crimps.

"As we stood leaning upon the railing, admiring the Palisades and the Highlands, each indulging in an interjective phraseology by turn, a gentleman possessed of a handsome pair of opera-glasses, procured for the occasion, stepped up to R. and very kindly offered them to her. S. and H. retreated a short distance to the right, though not out of hearing of their conversation, which chiefly ran upon the scenery. Mr. S., it is thought, selected from Webster a list of adjectives before starting on his journey. His *forgettery* did him excellent service, for there was only one of the whole list which he could recall, which he used in all the degrees of comparison alternately. All the topics which he could think of having been touched upon, and finding that he could only vainly repeat, he at last conveyed himself off to other parts of the boat.

"Soon our attention was taken up by the floating palace the 'St. John,' which moved swiftly but gracefully in the smooth, placid stream, and passed us by. Villages were visible on both sides of the river, moonlit. Private edifices appeared more beautiful under the soft beaming

of the moon. The trees and hills became mysteriously beautiful as the lines of pale light rested upon them, and in the water, in the reflections of the heavens, the stars seemed to play hide and seek among the shadows of the clouds as they flitted across the waters. The night was too beautiful for any one to sleep, but nature warned us not to outrage her or vengeance would surely follow. So we all retired, but not to sleep. The reflected light of the moon in our room, the thought of rising early, so as not to pass our destination, gave us only sleepless rest.

“After what seemed a long and dreary wait we arose again, but found that we had two hours yet to sail. At three o'clock A.M. we arrived at G. landing. Our gentlemen friends, whom we expected to meet us, had not yet arrived. We held an indignation meeting, and passed a resolution to give them a good scolding when they should come, and we turned our attention to the grand surrounding scenery. To the west, in silent grandeur, towered the huge outline of the Catskills, shrouded at the summits in gray mists. Up and down, the river and the immediate shores showed dense masses of foliage; and facing the east, we stood fronting the great golden dawn, watching for the first level ray of the coming sun—and the holy hush of morning had rested like a benedic-



tion upon the scene, as though Nature laid her broad finger over her great lips, and waited in reverent silence the advent of the sun! Morning at the mountains possessed witchery and glory which filled our hearts with exultant praise. After two hours we saw our gallant cavaliers in the distance coming, as trees walking; but we afterward forgave them for their dilatoriness as they had been up most of the night freezing cream, that had been put off until the last moment."

A trip to the "Catskill Mountain House" was the anticipated excursion for the day, but it was postponed till some other time, and a boating party substituted. The party consisted of the brother's family of four, the three young ladies, and the two students. That indispensable feature of all excursions—a basket of provisions—was well provided. The boat was large and staunch, and as soon as all were ready the two students took the oars and started for "Van Orden's Point." Here they did not land, but kept on rowing till they reached the "Catskill Creek." They passed up this creek and arrived at the town just in time to see the military and fire company procession. After the procession was over they again entered the boat and sailed to a beautiful grove, where an abundant repast satisfied their appetites, sharpened by their sail on the water. A

few hours were spent meandering in this beautiful grove, and at four o'clock all had entered the boat and were homeward bound. When they arrived at the "Grand View" they were regaled with ice-cream, cake, and strawberries.

The following days were spent variously, and we need hardly say that each day was made specially enjoyable by some new feature. There is but one of these days of which we shall speak, which was said by all to be the crowning day of the week. The ladies were very anxious to see the school-house where our student had taught, also the Institution at Z., where he had spent so many pleasant hours in study. The students had promised to take them, and now the day was decided upon. The mountain carriage—which was covered and had three seats—and the young bay horses were ordered, and at eight o'clock they started. They had a long ride before them, over twenty miles, but the road was so smooth and the day so pleasant that they almost wished the distance longer. After riding about ten miles over hill and through valley, they arrived at a beautiful sheet of water about a mile in circumference. The surface was almost hidden by the water-lilies in full bloom. The driver stopped, and the students went to the edge and entered a boat, gathered as many as they could carry, and returned to

the carriage. "The Gospel Songs" never sounded sweeter than on that day as they were sung along the road, nor was conversation ever more delightful.

At about eleven o'clock they arrived at H., and stopped at the Union Hotel, where the student had boarded during his term of teaching, the horses were unharnessed, placed in the stalls, and fed. The proprietor was glad to see the "school marm," as he called him, and the whole party received a hearty welcome. They went out upon the lawn and played croquet till the dinner bell rang, and then went to a cool dining room, where the most exquisite dinner was awaiting them. The meal was eaten with much mirth and merriment. After dinner they retired to the parlor and had a very pleasant half hour of song. Here the students left the ladies, while they visited a few of the school-master's patrons. When they returned they took the ladies to visit the school-house. Then they ordered the horses and started for the Institute at Z. Here they went around the grounds, through the building, and called upon Professor M. They all thought him a grand man, and enjoyed their call very much indeed. But it was getting late and a long ride was before them.

On the way home the driver chose a different road, the one along the river. This gave them an opportu-

nity to visit the "Livingston Manor," and the beautiful castle of the artist, Church. The sun went down before they reached home, and it was such a sunset as they had never seen before. "Great masses of heavy clouds were gathered in the far west, and their edges were fringed with crimson and gold, and as the monarch of the day re-entered within his gates he sent out beams of lambent light as a prophecy of a glorious morrow. As they watched, the clouds gathered together and formed a great cloak to cover the mountains until the day break and the shadows flee away." But the week passed away much too quickly for them all; yet, if the students would return to school in the fall, they must work. Their experience at canvassing was various indeed. Some days they were quite successful; on others they didn't meet any one who wanted to see a book, let alone buy one.

#### A REVIVAL.

September soon came around, and with it the beginning of another school year. Studies were pursued with new energy and zeal, and every thing bid fair for a prosperous year. Surrounding Hackettstown there are many little villages and hamlets that have no church privileges. These young men preparing for the ministry, and other Christian students, go out to these places and hold

prayer-meetings. These meetings are very successful at times. At one place there were nearly thirty converts in a few weeks, and in another, where the young men had preached for many Sabbaths, two young men had been on a drunken debauch. While in this state they were convicted of their sin, and went to a Christian man whom they knew and asked him to pray for them. This man supposed that they were not in earnest, since he knew them to be so very wild and wicked. He told them to go to their homes, and if when they became sober they still felt convicted, and wanted a change of heart, to come to him and he would pray with and for them. The next night they came, with hearts harrowed and penitent, crying, "What shall we do to be saved?" and, as the publican, they prayed, "Have mercy on me a sinner." They were shown the simple way to the cross, and Jesus was pointed out as the Saviour of even the vilest and lowest. Their faith were very small at first, they had been so *very* wicked, they said. But when the story of the prodigal son and the thief on the cross was told to them, they believed that even they could be saved, and they *were* saved. Their conversion became the topic of conversation throughout the whole town. Others were convicted, and special meetings were commenced in the school-house and in the farm-houses. The students labored

night after night, trying to point out the way of salvation to the poor convicted ones, and many, very many, were saved. Soon a Christian society was formed, and resolutions were passed for building a place of worship. One brother gave the ground, a beautiful spot along a running brook, and others gave of what they had, "every man according to his ability," and the Lord's work was taken up zealously by every member, and we need hardly say that it prospered.

The moral influence in a few boarding-schools is very bad, but these are very few. Most schools have a few young men who are zealous for the souls of their fellow-students. Prayer-meetings are held in the students' rooms, and those who are not Christians are invited to attend, and by these means very many souls have been saved. After chapel prayer-meeting, on one Sabbath evening, a young man went into our student's room to have a talk with him. The conversation touched upon one topic and another, saying just what came into their hearts to say, till religion was introduced. The young man, in answer to our student's question, said that he felt very much the need of a Saviour, that he wanted to be good and do good, but could not. He was then pointed to Christ as a Saviour and "a very present help in trouble." Our student prayed, and the seeking

soul prayed as only the sinner who feels the burden of his guilt can pray, and before they parted there was joy in heaven over a sinner that had repented and given his heart to Jesus. There were many who were prayed with and for who finished their school course and did not give their hearts into God's keeping; but those prayers are *not lost*, though their effect may never be known till, at the judgment bar of God, a redeemed soul shall say, "It was your praying with me that led to my salvation. I never saw you again, but I never forgot your prayer."

#### SCHOOL ELECTION.

It was customary to have election in school whenever the town or State held elections. Democratic and Republican clubs were formed, and the members of them labored with the other students to persuade them to vote for their men. The excitement at the town polls was not more intense than at the Institute. The late presidential campaign was, at the Institute, as in all parts of the United States, more exciting than any other.

Immediately after school hours, at 4 P. M., all the officers of election were appointed, and the polls opened. When the tickets were counted Hayes had a large majority. The ladies, also, held election on their side of the house, and were, perhaps, as eager for the election of

the men of their choice as their brother students were. But the Democratic votes were very few.

Early on the day after election the news was received at the Institute that Tilden was elected by a large majority. This report was confirmed by later ones to the same effect. The Republicans were, indeed, blue, while the Democrats, though few in number, were exultant over the victory of their party. They wore red, white, and blue ribbons to celebrate their conquest. The Republicans, both male and female, went to tea dressed entirely in black, the gentlemen wearing also crape around their left arm, so that they presented quite a mournful appearance. About half-past nine on the same evening a special telegram was received at the telegraph office that the report of the morning was false, and that Hayes was elected. Immediately the mourning was cast off in honor of the true report, and, though there were many various reports afterward, they did not put on the tokens of bereavement again. It was at such an election that one of the students was charged against for bogus voting and stuffing the ballot box. He denied the charge, and on the following Saturday the students held a mock trial. The appointed judge, clerk, and lawyers were upon the platform of the chapel, and the rest of the students and the Faculty were in the pews. The excite-



ment was very intense, and lasted all day till late in the evening. The verdict was rendered guilty, and he was condemned to treat the court to a peck of apples.

## DRUMMED OUT OF TOWN.

There were two students, one expected to enter the profession of law, and the other the ministry. They were both young men of excellent ability, very genial, and much liked by all the students. Their intentions were, undoubtedly, good, but, like many other young men, they frequently erred. They had each received quite a number of demerits, and had been admonished many times by the president; still they reformed but little. On a certain occasion they had broken one of the rules, and the president admonished them both in chapel before the other students. They did not like being thus spoken to in the presence of their fellow-students, and after chapel went to see the president, and resented his action. They said that they would not stand it, and that they were going home. The president then said that if they left the Institution without first receiving permission from home they would both be suspended. They did not care for that, they said, and prepared to go. Their friends in the school tried to persuade them not to go; but when they saw that per-

suasion was of no use, it was decided by a few to give them an "honorable departure." A barouche, with four horses, all plumed, was engaged to convey them to the depot. A band of music was also hired from the town as an escort, and they started early, so as to parade about town before train time.

They left the Institute and town, but also left an impression behind them that they had been "drummed out of town."

#### CONCLUSION.

We shall refer once more to our student, and then we shall close this account of events. We find that all through his school course there was a constant struggle to do right. He would be a *manly* man, a *godly* man; he would possess that "manhood absolute" which a Christian alone can possess, and for this he was striving. He learned by experience that he must fight if he would win. During the last school year with which we have to do with him in this work he makes the following entry:—

"'As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.' Time flies; first the little moment, then the minute, the hour, the day, the week, and now nearly nine of these have flown since I last wrote in my journal. Not that there has been

nothing to write, for these weeks hold many important facts of my little history. But here I am, still striving with Satan, *bound* to have the victory. O how wily he is! and how wise and mean to tempt me on my weakest points! But, God being my helper, I shall some day conquer him. A glorious day this Sabbath has been to my soul, and I want to remember it. Jesus has been pointed out to me as a more precious Saviour than I ever thought him to be. O how he loves! How strong I ought to be! And yet how many times I have sinned since I last wrote in this book! How many times I have given up my manliness and my self-respect to my adversary, Satan! O, my Father, preserve me each day! give me constant victory! help me to overcome mine adversary! God seems to be favoring me specially. I cannot tell why, but it seems that I am having a much easier time than most young men studying for the ministry, and who are working their own way through school. How true the words of the psalmist, 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.' Surely he has fulfilled his promise this time, and has taken me up in a wonderful manner; and I pray thee, O Father, to continue thy bounty."

BISHOP JANES as yet has no biographer. His friends and acquaintances have expressed their hope that the grand life and noble deeds of this great man might come before the public. By request, permission was obtained from Dr. Fowler to publish the following "Memorial Discourse" in this volume. It is not a biography, and yet contains so beautiful a description of his traits of character, as well as the dates of his *natus*, his various appointments in life, and *translatus*, that it will be highly appreciated by all.

G. W. W.

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REV. JOHN C. CALHOUN, D.D.  
NEW-YORK, 1840.

*Published by the Rev. John C. Calhoun, D.D.*

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*E. S. James.*

1873



## DR. FOWLER'S ADDRESS.

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THE first Napoleon, when crossing the Alps, saw an old peasant woman hastening through the mountains, and he asked her, "Whither are you hastening this sharp morning?" She said, "To yonder pass to see the emperor." He asked, "What have you gained in him more than in the Bourbons? Have you not simply exchanged one despot for another?" The old peasant woman stopped, thought a moment, and then answered, "The Bourbons were the rulers of the rich and great; Napoleon is *our* ruler." We are here to-day, as the Board of the New York City Church Extension and Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to pay a tribute of grateful remembrance to the cherished and honored dead, because Bishop Janes was *the bishop of the common people*. With a scholarship that made him at home in the company of the learned and philosophical, with tastes that could revel in the refinements of a select few, with every social circle welcoming his approach, and with resources sufficient to make these varied advantages a delight and not a burden, he still remained, in his convictions, in his habits, in his home, in his sympathies,

and in his affections, the brother of the laborer and the friend of the poor; and the very last business act of his open right hand was to answer to a cry for help. As a Missionary Society we have lost a mighty friend, who labored and planned and lived for us, who cared for our souls, and who sought the society of the wealthy only for our sakes. He is our dead, therefore are we here.

It may not be amiss for us to say, in the presence of this Society, that the invitation to unite with you in these services was accepted after reflection, because it seemed not inappropriate for one from a distant part of the Church, who knew him chiefly in his public character, softened and warmed indeed by that sympathy that embraced every worker that met him anywhere in the vineyard, to join with you in such a service as this, and give some expression, however feeble, to the estimate of the Church concerning her foremost servant.

The calendar history of Edmund Storer Janes is very simple. He was born April 27, A. D. 1807, in Sheffield, Berkshire County, Mass. Taught school and studied law from 1824 to 1830. Joined the Philadelphia Conference in 1830. Ordained deacon in 1832, and elder in 1834. Was agent for Dickinson College two years. Came from Philadelphia to Mulberry-street, New York city, as pastor, in 1839. Was elected Financial Secretary of the

American Bible Society in 1840. Elected bishop in 1844. Died September 18, 1876.\*

Upon this simple outline was wrought out one of the richest and grandest lives in the history of the Christian Church. What we are chiefly interested in is not the dates and official titles, but the deeds achieved, and the virtues matured, and the character developed. Dates may bring him to our notice, but that he shares in common with the living generation. Position may furnish a pedestal, but an empty pedestal is a disappointment. We look for essential greatness—a greatness that wears titles as a statue of a goddess wears drapery, an incumbrance to its pedestal and a concealment to its beauty; a greatness that wears titles as the sequoia, or “big trees” of California, wear their cones, as a natural fruit of their life, yet so exalted by the greatness of the trees as to be almost invisible.

The elements out of which Bishop Janes' greatness was constructed were simple and easily apprehended.

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\* *His Appointments.*—Bishop Janes was admitted on trial in Philadelphia Conference in 1830, and stationed at Elizabethtown; and also in 1831 with Thomas Morrell; 1832–33, at Orange, N. J.; 1834–35, Agent Dickinson College; 1836, at Fifth-street Church, Philadelphia; 1837–38, at Nazareth Church, Philadelphia; 1839–40, at Mulberry-street Church, New York; 1840–44, Financial Secretary of the American Bible Society; 1844–76, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

They are on the surface of his transparent character. They are open to the gaze of the common observer. It is difficult to grasp a sphere. It slips from the grasp. We must encompass it to hold it. This is the problem before us. Thus it happens that a man is comprehended only by his peers. We need not add that Bishop Janes must wait for a biographer. This we can undertake—to burrow down by this character, drift, and then come up under it, and thus poisoning it in our thought, we may be able to make some just estimate of its greatness. Let us catalogue the component parts of this character. For simplicity, as well as to secure accuracy in the results, we will divide these elements into two general classes, namely, his gifts and his acquirements; what God did for him, and what he did for himself.

Let us place *reason* at the head of the list, not that it was marked above other gifts, but that it forms a basis on which other and mightier faculties rested. He had reason in its best development. It did not distinguish him in the field of philosophical speculation and analysis, for he gave it little or no exercise in that department of thought. It did not fall into the logical forms common to reasoning. He was not a logician in any just sense of the term. His work in the pulpit and on the platform was rather the work of stating results. He spoke with authority.

He confined his preparation chiefly to seeking the most direct and authoritative statements of his convictions, so that the statements themselves should carry the weight of proof, though not strictly logical arguments. He had thus a practical reason that indicated the statesman rather than the philosopher, and bespoke the business man rather than the speculator.

He had a calm, exact measurement of magnitudes and relations which gave him the girth of men and the breadth of things and the order of events. Causes seemed to express to his penetrating gaze their involved effects.

It may be said, in a general way, that he had a vigorous intellect. The vigor of his intellect enabled him to acquire that vast sum of knowledge which is epitomized in the principles and peculiarities of the three learned professions—theology, law, and medicine. A chaste and timid imagination clothed these principles with flesh and sometimes with beauty, and sent them forth in the service of the one dominant idea of his life, the hastening of the Redeemer's kingdom. His imagination was so timid that it can hardly be traced either in his writings or deeds. Every thing was reduced to the dead level of fact. He saw realities, not pictures or creations of his own brain. What possibilities of art slumbered in his rich and powerful nature we can never

know in this world, for this received but the slightest attention.

He saw and was attracted by the signs of power in men and nature; but this only as it could be utilized. He measured things by their usefulness. Twelve times he passed within the sound of Niagara's roar before he turned aside an hour to see its beauty and majesty. Five times he passed within a few moments of Baden-Baden, but never tarried to visit that retreat of tourists. Life to him meant activity, meant power, and he had no time for any thing but results that can be counted in the day of God. Like the great military commanders of the last and present centuries, he confined the activities of his intellect to the practical questions of life, which were divested of all hallucination or overgrowths in fancy. The sentimental poet, or ideal philosopher, may look upon this as intellectual sterility; but the hard sense of the race, that levels the forests, builds the cities, cultivates the continents, explores the seas, frames the governments, plants the republics, and founds the civilizations of the world, never wearies in praising this kind of ability. When such a soul comes into the world, give it time, and the race is sure to go down on its knees in service and submission.

The high character of his intellect is seen in the fact



that while he quickly apprehended and easily comprehended the great principles that underlie the various departments of knowledge, he also showed the peculiarity and stamp of the divine mold, in that he *never generalized, but always particularized in his knowledge*. Like nearly all of the greatest men of the centuries, he was familiar with all the details of his work. Napoleon could hear the tramp of each common soldier in all his hosts. The great commander of the last war knew the location of each gun, and the exact condition of the road over which it must pass to the front. So this great leader of Israel's hosts made a personal matter of each individual case, besieging the throne of grace for the tired and endangered, and visiting in person the imperiled, or writing frequent and lengthy letters of advice and encouragement. Each case was a distinct problem to be wrought out in view of its own peculiarities, and solved on his knees in the secret place of power. This familiarity with the details of his wide and almost infinitely varied work secures for Bishop Janes a place among the few great intellects of this age.

The most conspicuous element of his mind was his *common sense*. Those who knew him best were most certain of his practical judgment. He had that rare combination of perception and reason and moral sense that sums up

into common sense. Having nearly the entire circle of distinguishing gifts and faculties, he had as a perpetual, undimmed light on these lofty peaks, simple, hard, practical, common, every-day sense. Without this all his other great abilities would have fallen out of harmony, and have become a mob of wrangling antipathies and bewildering eccentricities and glittering vanities. But with this supreme gift he could plead in the hovel of the poor man, or the cabin of the pioneer, so that the unlettered and uncultured felt him to be a brother; and he could persuade in the palace of princes till those who were rulers by birth, scholars by inheritance, and statesmen by habit, saw in him a peer, and bowed in acknowledgment of his greatness. The supreme distinctions of his character, in which he towered highest above common men, was this perfect adjustment of his faculties, which made his decisions in the practical issues of life almost infallible.

This common sense was manifested in the *readiness with which he adjusted himself to the impossible*. He was all the time in the midst of great movements and of vast interests—movements that embraced multitudes of other men, and workers and interests that compassed the race. Often his views could not be carried. He worked at them in every conceivable way, pushed

them with all the vigor of his great will and all the skill of his wide experience; but when he could not reach all he desired, *he reached all he could*. He did not let go and fall down to the bottom because he could not stand on the top round. He held on as high up as possible, and waited and worked for his full purpose. He would accept what he felt to be only the tenth best rather than nothing, and he worked for that as the best available without wrath or impatience. He worked as one who knew that all the ages were his, and that, holding all he could get, he must ultimately get all he desired. He will be known for many generations as the *common-sense bishop of Methodism*.

We next are brought face to face with his *conscience*. This was clear, delicate, scripturally trained, absolute in its authority, a despot reigning over his entire being. Once in the grip of obligation, he never received or desired release. He never tampered with his convictions. He never experimented on doubtful ground. He was a man of *conviction*. He moved under divine authority. His pulpit was a throne. He received, and believed, and declared the truth. No *holy ambiguity* about his teaching. He taught as one sent from God. His convictions were supreme. His conscience was king. Time, comfort, ease, ambition, self-interest, were chaff in the

furnace of his convictions. Danger, threats of enemies, the more fearful intercessions of friends, obstacles, weariness, disease, and death itself, were treated as if they did not exist when found in the path of duty. Like Paul, he was the *slave* of Jesus Christ; but his conscience, educated by the word, was the voice of his Master.

This is the world's great need to-day—*men with convictions*, who feel the presence and pressure of life's great issues, who take life as an earnest, solemn, sublime, desperate reality, one chance for eternal, unchangeable results; men who, putting their ear upon this Book, hear the conflict of the endangered, the wail of the lost, the shout of the saved. The Church needs men like Paul, who could run over every known continent, and through every city of the known world, crying, "This one thing I do;" men like Luther, who, half starving and prostrate on the stone floor of a cell of prayer, could covenant eternal war against sin in every form; men like Wesley, who could face desertion, and mobs, and ridicule, and slander, and never dream of surrender; men like Asbury, who could cross the continent on foot for a single soul; men like James, who heard the voice of God as drowning all other voices in the world, and saw the need of the race, and the peril of sin, and the abundance of grace, and the wrath of hell, and the glory of heaven, and made

the will of God his one absolute, invariable, all-dominating law. Without a supreme conscience, his practical ability and unbending will would have made him a powerful and dangerous man. With this he was a pillar in society and a defender of the faith.

We must here mention, among his gifts, his *ambition*. This is a royal disease, the distemper of kingly souls. Profane history is full of its bloody monuments. Sainly souls have cried out against it. But, like the gift of agency, it is necessary in forming the greatest character, and, like that, it is exposed to abuse. Indolent souls, who have not the energy to put forth a manly effort for any cause, cloak their laziness under a pretense of piety, and excuse their worthlessness on the ground of being saved from this world. God forbid that I should hinder or annoy even the feeblest saint. But I must say that I have no patience with, indeed, I cannot find language to express my contempt and loathing for, the shiftless, nerveless mass of pulp—without grip, without courage, without heroism, without a great, all-mastering purpose—that pretends to be a man, and claims to be a saint, and yet in this world of agonizing intensities, with an infinity of want within us, and an infinity of pain beneath us, and an infinity of peace above us, and an infinity of fullness before us, poised in the vortex of these dire infinities,

can sit listlessly by and turn the frown of sanctimonious hypocrisy upon the heroic soul that dares to hear the cry of the Master "agonize" to enter in, and dares to be thrilled throughout an awakened and immortal nature with the restless, ceaseless activities of obedience. Bishop Janes had a great, fiery, uncompromising, restless ambition, that knew no bounds but conscience.

He started with the avowed purpose of making of himself the greatest man possible. He shouted, "I intend to get as near the throne as Paul." He pushed this ambition day and night, year in and year out. He knew that only achievements could count either in this world or in the world to come. This ambition was consecrated to God. He had an object that was worthy of being the chief end of a royal, deathless soul, and he made every thing tell on this line. Rest, comfort, regular meals, or sleep, were only secondary thoughts with him. He must win, and he set himself about it with deliberate, unwavering purpose.

He seems to me like a mighty, blooded, spirited charger, with the speed of the wind in his limbs, with the excitement of the chase in his veins, and with the hazards of the battle in his soul; born and bred for heroic achievements, yet so possessed of a superhuman wisdom that without shying, without halting, without

hastening, without chafing, with the most perfect economy of power, he determined to carry the largest load the longest distance, *and he did it*. Found at last on the highway, silent, still under the load, stretched toward the future, he did it. It will be many a day before his work will be excelled. God accepted his purpose and acknowledged his services, and thousands throughout endless ages will bless God for this steady, prudent, holy ambition. I would to God that a thousand young preachers in the Church to-day would take up this mantle, and inhale this spirit, and emulate this ambition! They would take this world for Christ in this century.

Let us turn aside from the warrior qualities of his mind to consider for a little time one of the gentler and more winsome, though not less powerful, elements of his nature—his *affection*.

This was a tide of tenderness, flowing with rippling melodies through the rocky channel of his rugged nature. This was the ivy that clambered over the crag, covering its strength with a robe of life and beauty. Loving God, whom he had not seen, he also loved his kind, whom he had seen. This was the sunlight on the earth, quickening every germ of life and power throughout his wide nature. Little children sported in its warmth, and poor people rejoiced in its inspiration.

Had he had no other gift, he would have loved his way up to greatness. His love of his kind was no selfish desire to serve his own ends, born of a prudent philosophy. It was rather an abiding principle, warmed by a generous impulse to bless his kind, born of an absorbing love of God, and so, necessarily, embracing his creatures. Springing from a divine source, it fitted down upon the rest of his character as perfectly as if it had grown upon him. It was quiet, undemonstrative, and genuine. It never suggested the idea of off with the old and on with the new. While it seemed to reach out to every good and needy man, it was personal, nonofficial, helpful, begetting implicit trust. Few men have ever lived whose death has bereaved so many. Multitudes loved him as a father. His love seemed like a deep current in the sea, flowing on in the tides of his kindness and tenderness, carrying the summer of its warmth even to the highest latitudes of his nature. This gloved with silk the hand of steel. This made his stern, arbitrary nature seem gentle as a maiden's. This cushioned the sharp corners of great ambitions, and made even his executive severities seem the coming of the best possible providence.

His affections gave him a sympathy for the afflicted that has been the admiration of all who knew him. In his



official character he acted like a father. Decisions that involved the families and comfort of the preachers were made in the full exercise of the warmest sympathy. Like a mother, sending her youngest son to the field of strife, he omitted absolutely nothing for the comfort or safety of those in his hands. It was his motto in making appointments, "No appointment is good enough while it can be bettered." Often he would rally an exhausted and sleepy cabinet, saying, "Never mind your sleep, you can lose that better than this brother can endure a mistake for a year or longer."

Perhaps no man in Methodism was ever more abundant in words and letters of comfort and cheer than he. If any were in sorrow, he was sure to find them at the earliest moment. If away on duty, he would find some moment in which to write. These letters are wonderful treasuries of Christian comfort.

It is my privilege to read one of these marvelous letters, written to the dying Dr. Sewell. I read it as a perfect letter. For simplicity, tenderness, freshness of conception, beauty of expression, clearness of vision, sweetness of spirit, fullness of comfort, and triumph of faith, I have never seen it equaled. It is a door opened into the inner life of the bishop. I will read to you the letter of which I speak:—

"NEW YORK, *August 1, 1870.*

"REV. THOMAS SEWELL, D.D.

"DEAR BROTHER,—Yesterday I saw Rev. Brother Buckley, who informed me you were very feeble, and, perhaps, growing weaker. I wish I could come to see you. O how much I wish to greet you once more in the flesh! I do most affectionately salute you in the Lord. The great affliction I feel at the prospect of not meeting you again in this world shows me how greatly I love you. I should feel very sad did I not turn my attention to your beatitude, to your glorification. O how much better it is to depart and be with Christ!

"When Brother Buckley told me of your prostration my first thought was, Is he to be gathered with M'Clinck, and Foss, and Nadal, and Thomson, and Kingsley? What a select circle of noble spirits! So like each other, and so associated on earth as to seek each other in heaven! To be one of that circle will be blessed indeed. O how rapturously they will hail you on your approach! How tender and congratulatory will be their greeting!

"You will not be a stranger in heaven. There are many there that you will recognize when you meet them. Jesus will recognize you, and I am sure you will instantly distinguish him. How I wish I could see you enter the

golden gates, and witness your first sight of 'Him as he is.' I fancy I have a pretty clear idea of how you and M'Clintock and Nadal will act at your first interview. I think you will all want to speak first. Possibly you may all shout together. Then, too, that excellent, godly father—I know how much you loved him. I know, too, how eminently worthy of your love he was. How you will delight to be again in his society, and to hold converse with him about heavenly things. Verily you have a great variety, and a great amount of treasure in heaven!

"I know you loved to preach Jesus when you had health and could do so. I know it is a trial to lay down that silver trumpet. I know, too, it is a severe trial to leave your beloved wife and little ones. You are not responsible for these consequences. You have not decided the question of life or death. God has done that. He will look to the consequences. He will carry forward his work. He will be a husband to your widow, and a father to your children. How do you know but that you can minister to them as kindly and as usefully out of the body as you can in the body?

"If God calls you to himself, without anxiety, leave your loved ones to him. Confide all their welfare to him. He will care for them. I am coming after you. I am

determined to keep the faith and to lay hold on eternal life. I shall want to see you very soon after I get there.

"I commend you to the love of God, to the mediation of Jesus, and the comfort of the Holy Ghost. With much love for your family, and with much prayer for yourself, I am your affectionate brother in Jesus,

"E. S. JANES."

The man that, loaded with the care of all the Churches, pressed with the responsibilities of the campaign itself, can pause and pour out of his heart such a letter as that needs no other qualities to secure essential greatness. I cannot turn from this part of the theme, having taken you so far into the sanctuary of his great heart, without, also, taking you into the holy of holies. He was our bishop. He lived and died for us, and so we will venture reverently a little farther into his inner nature.

Come with me to that familiar, plain, old-fashioned brick-house on Twenty-fourth-street. It is very plain; we will all feel at home there. Come up the narrow stair-way into the plainly-furnished chamber. There, on the bed where, a few days ago, the bishop watched his patient, loving wife, he now lies dying. His eyes are closed and his hands are crossed. The face seems more peaceful and blessed than ever. He knows the great

enemy is at the door, and must come in at last. He has kept him out by heroic resistance for many years; but now he will not be put off. Conscious of his own extreme tenacity of life, and remembering the long and savage struggle of his brother with this same enemy, he now goes about the work of meeting this physical struggle. In a low, peaceful murmur he prays, "O Lord, deal tenderly with me, for thou knowest, though wrong in many things, I have always dealt tenderly with people in affliction." That sounds to me like some of the words of the royal psalmist: "Judge me, O Lord, for I have walked in mine integrity." In this great struggle he is willing to drink the cup he has pressed to the lips of others. And he who said, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy," was faithful to his promise. I can think of nothing that could put the tenderness and sympathy of his heart with greater certainty than these words from his dying lips. Brothers, would such judgment and measure do for us in such an hour?

Finding him clothed with such pitying affection, we can afford to look on his kingly gift—*his will*—that, like a powerful engine, drove him on under the vast burden of his responsibilities and labors.

His *will was most absolute*. This kept him up to the line all the time. He knew no lagging. He had no

tattered selvage either in his theology, or in his habits, or in his character. Every thing was held to its place and order. Externally the most irregular, traveling at all hours and in all seasons, sleeping by chance and eating by accident, he was, nevertheless, by the power of his will, held inwardly to the greatest regularity and most rigid system. He was a machine—a divine machine—like that in ancient prophetic vision, wheels within wheels, and all full of eyes, vital, quivering, flashing, moving forever, propelled by a steady, resistless, omnipotent, sanctified *will*.

It is impossible to measure the power that dwelt in his will. In many a critical hour it moved up to the front, and lifted the entire Church over some threatening bar or reef. He recognized nothing impossible that was right. He set his purpose, and nearly always that determined the question without further struggle. Whatever else was needed was almost certain to be furnished by him in the time of need. I doubt not, that if you could have loaded this earth on to his will as evenly as his body was so loaded, he would have walked off with it, without even asking consent. When it became necessary for him to act, no matter what menaced or hindered, he never lacked power.

He took life at great disadvantage, with a slight, feeble

frame in early life ; no one except himself expected him to live. With a thin, squeaking voice, with a sore and unreliable throat—always nursing his throat—preaching with a lump of sugar in his fingers, he, nevertheless, in spite of all disadvantages, by the power of his will, crowded himself through every conceivable exposure and peril, and wrought about ten men's work. By his naked will he drove away the ailments of early life, and warded off the evils of later years till he had achieved a great life-work. A hundred such men, scattered through Methodism, might double our communion in a single year.

Any view of Bishop Janes' character that did not emphasize his living, constant, victorious *faith*, would fail to present him as he was. He walked with God. His faith was, indeed, "the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen." He lived in the midst of the unseen spiritual forces that control the destinies of this world. He was his own prophet, and by his own prayer kept always before his inner eye the horsemen and the chariots of Israel. Whatever else was neglected, his devotion and prayer were always attended to with scrupulous care. It mattered not how late his return home, or how much exhausted with work, he spent nearly always an hour and a half, never less

than an hour, in private prayer. It was his recruiting time. It was more than his meat and his drink. He carried the Church and all her interests to God. He prayed much for this city. Who can tell what calamities of sin were diverted by his over-brooding faith? Who now will make up this lack of prayer since his pleading has ceased?

This constant communion with God gave him that *all-enduring patience* that never wearied with the stories of the sorrowing and the troubled. This made him always ready to renew rejected offers of peace to enemies, and rejoice that he had had opportunity to renew the proposals. This, too, accounts for his wonderful friendship for the colored man. He was a conservative; yet, from the beginning, he was a friend of the negro. No man could out-do him in plans and work for the elevation of that people. He accepted the fact of their need, and went about the work of relieving it. He yearned over the Church South, but he never hesitated to tell them his views of their duty. No peace, much as he longed for it, was worth purchasing by a desertion of the colored people, whom he accepted as a charge from God. Among his last conferences was the colored conference in Philadelphia, and he declared, at the table of James Long, that he "had rather hear their testimonies than hear the



angels sing." When a great man in our Zion, returning from the South, went to the Mission Rooms with sorrow and discouragement on account of the low grade of many of our colored people, half-persuaded to modify the work, Bishop Janes was ready for the emergency with a thrilling defense of the great progress already made and the certain hope for the future. His intimacy with God gave him divine patience to work on and on in spite of all discouragements, knowing that, by even the most imperceptible improvements, success would be only a question of time.

Passing over much that is of interest to the Church in this great character, I must not omit his *concentration of life*. Like Paul, he could say, "This one thing I do." He caught an all-enrapturing vision of the King, and forever after he was hastening about his business. He saw the Church as the ordained means for the salvation of a lost world, and the building of the Church became his one end and aim. He valued all men and measures by their bearing on this single problem. Men that sought selfish ends to the neglect of the cause, and men that undermined the Church for personal aggrandizement, were to him alike enemies of the cause and of God, to be saved like any other sinners. His whole being was given to this great idea. It burned in his soul and blazed in his

eye. It supplied his wasting nature with strength and his wearied soul with inspiration. Day and night, year after year, in sickness and in health, at home and abroad, it was one all-controlling, ever-pushing idea, the upbuilding of the Redeemer's kingdom. With average gifts, he concentrated his energies into greatness, till his acquirements, the final sum of his abilities, is equaled by but few men in the history of the Christian Church. All the faculties that came within the reach and control of his will for their development were trained and used and developed till they seemed wonderful endowments. Starting the feeblest of men, he grew into marvelous endurance, till he, above all others of the Church of this century, could claim that capacity for unlimited work that is justly called genius.

This created what you will recognize as his scrupulous *economy of power*. He never wasted his energy. He sat in the deliberative boards of the Church and of her institutions, and said but little unless there seemed to be special call for his counsels. It was his habit to sit quietly, often apparently asleep, but not a movement escaped his attention. So long as things were going in the right direction he remained quiet. If some brother said the right thing and corrected any threatened mistake, he still kept still. If others failed to correct the mistake he

would rise at the right moment, say just the right thing, and no more. If a word or suggestion was all that was needed, that was all he would offer. If more was needed, he had all that was required. Once at it, he worked till he carried his point. He would argue, and plead, and exhort, and persist, and push, and crowd, and thunder, and lighten, and storm, and sometimes sweep down like the whirlwind, in order to save an imperiled interest. This was only in great emergencies, when nothing else would do. This husbanding of his power gave him a reserve for every demand. It was one marked point in his character.

So rounded and complete was his character that, approached from almost any side, it seemed to be greatest. At first sight he seemed not so great ; but as we worked up into his abilities they grew to the limit of our comprehension. His powers were like groups of mountain peaks towering up side by side, and so close together as to reduce each other's apparent height. Only the accurate tests of science show their great elevation above the sea. The group of the exalted peaks in this wonderful man I would call his common sense, his conscience, his will, his concentration, his ambition, his industry, and his economy of power. Other peculiarities, seen in themselves, would have made him a marked man ; but I think

these are the peaks with which he held up the crown of his greatness.

The elements were so evenly mixed in him, and the power so nicely poised, that he seemed able to do his best on all occasions and under any circumstances.

As a *preacher*, he had few superiors. As a *platform speaker*, he could come in any part of any programme, and be heard, enjoyed, and remembered.

As a *pastor*, he was methodical, exact, easy, and without a blemish.

He was an *orator* of superior parts. If "eloquence is the thing that does it," he was eloquent.

He was a *thinker*, able to trace and reveal the hidden relations of truths.

He was a *writer* of great ability. Some portions of his last Episcopal Address are unsurpassed in the English language. They read like passages of holy writ. "The true Church preaches the Gospel to the poor." "The Church that preaches to the most poor of one generation, other things being equal, will preach to the most rich of the next." These passages would read well in the Sermon on the Mount. That Episcopal Address will float its author for a thousand years.

He was a *statesman*, measured by his papers and by the wisdom of his administration.

He was an *organizer*, handling with ease and ability the system of superintendencies that constitute Methodist polity.

He was a *leader*, not rushing into revolution so rapidly as to lose his following, but steadily moving up toward the advance line as rapidly as it became reform instead of schism.

He was an *administrator*, working a system that depends upon moral power for its continuance, and so working it in gentleness and humility and evident integrity that even the disappointed did not question his justice or sympathy. When it became necessary for him to assume responsibility he did it so gently that all felt relieved to have it finally determined.

As a *bishop* he was a model, whose close imitation will perpetuate Methodist polity for many generations.

His great abilities are equaled only by the perfection with which he handled himself in all the relations of life : an obedient son, a loving husband, a faithful brother, a tender father, a fond grandfather, a true friend, a cherished neighbor, a loyal citizen, a devoted Christian, and a grand, princely, God-anointed, manly man. Taken all and in all we shall not soon see his like again, unique, many-sided, symmetrical, vast.

Judged by God's rule—"by the deeds done in the

body"—Bishop Janes must be ranked among the great men of the Christian Church, and his greatness must endure. We hardly call the ephemeral great; we want our greatness to abide. Meteors that flash out upon the darkness only long enough to reveal the gloom and oblivion into which they rush are not types of greatness. Suns that shine on forever rather impress us thus. Bishop Janes will stand this test. To work on for nearly fifty years in all the relations of a learned and laborious calling, meeting its sublimest occasion, rendering its most weighty decisions, uttering its most eloquent pleas, bearing its heaviest responsibilities, standing in its most varied exigencies, appearing in its most frequent activities, originating its most comprehensive plans, ordering its longest campaigns, going through its most wearisome details, performing its most exhausting labors, enduring its most trying sacrifices, growing beautiful in the pettiness of the every-day littleness of things; to do and endure all this without a failure that can be remembered, without an indiscretion that could stir the regret of friends or the criticism of enemies, and without a blunder that could imperil an espoused cause or disappoint its adherents, is to demonstrate a greatness that neither modesty can conceal, nor symmetry obscure, nor criticism reduce, nor time destroy. It is incorporated into the

sum of things, and must endure with history. Such greatness was achieved by Bishop Janes.

It is difficult to present his *work*. The only man who could give any exhaustive catalogue of the duties and work of Bishop Janes is now voiceless in the grave. We can figure the weight of the atmosphere on a square inch, or on the surface of the city, or on the earth itself; but no man has found the outside spot on which to correctly measure the weight of "the care of all the Churches." Gethsemane is the type of that outside spot. We can go with this little man of great achievements through the ceaseless round of his duties, watch him on the wing, like the bee gathering honey for the marriage-supper from every field on earth; yesterday seeking to steady some wavering brother in the streets of Boston, to-day journeying on foot among the camps of the miners near the Golden Gate, to-morrow searching in the crowded cities of heathenism for the picket line of Christianity, crossing oceans, scaling mountains, traversing continents, till the surface of the world seemed more familiar to him than the retreats of his home, and the faces and wants of the great army of workers in all lands were more definitely fixed in his memory than the faces of the neighbors of his family. We can watch him working right on, year in and year out, knowing no vacations

except the quiet of the lightning express, or the repose of midnight jerky of the frontier, and asking no rest but hard work. We can watch him passing through his home to change his raiment and replenish his satchel, pausing now and then for a night to attend to his constantly accumulating correspondence, giving his time without stint or reserve to his calling, seldom retiring before the short hours of the night, always going at the call of needy churches or needy people, preaching Sundays and weekdays, pleading every cause known to Christian enterprise, counseling concerning every Church interest, bearing the burden of every weak appointment or suffering preacher, planning to spare the families of the itinerants, working in the cabinets all night, night after night, acting as umpire in every difficult case, urging on the line of Israel, and everlastingly seeking to push the Church into new fields for the advancement of the cause. We can watch him in the midst of this work for a third of a century, living in the closest and simplest economy, yet drawing from his private funds more than fifty thousand dollars to maintain himself in the work of the Church, and meeting every good cause with an open hand; traveling, thinking, planning, studying, preaching, writing, begging, giving, praying, and suffering for the success of the Church. We can watch him in this great work,



but we cannot measure its cost to his nerves, nor its worth to the cause of God; we cannot tell how the delicate frame was driven under this great load for so many years, nor how this man of average native gifts was slowly exalted into greatness of the first order; but we can accept the facts of this wonderful life, and run on after his unflagging zeal, and we can study the lesson of this life until it becomes our teacher, our model, and our inspiration.

Surely this was a divine gift bestowed upon the Church in this age to show forth the power of a holy purpose, and the light of a single eye, and the beauty of transfiguring faith. Surely, on account of the life of Bishop Janes, the Church will have a more comprehensive purpose, the world a more keenly awakened conscience, and heaven a sunnier clime.

Bishop Janes completes the *triumvirate of Methodism*. Turn toward her marvelous history, and three great souls, towering up together, catch your eye—Wesley, Asbury, and Janes—run in similar molds, and doing a work that agrees in its substantial character, and differs only in a few accidents of time and circumstances.

In stature they were all under size, but in work they were about equally overgrown. In character they are more like each other than either of them is like any other

historic personage. Methodical, punctual, diligent, devoted, resolute, neither of them ever knew what it was to surrender, or to shrink from danger, or quail before difficulties, or be cajoled out of convictions, or indulge in any softness, or to avoid any responsibility. The style of their preaching is the same. They preached because they had something to say, and then they said it in the clearest and most direct manner possible. They urged the same themes of pardon, faith, freedom, peril, repentance, and spirituality. Their texts are often the same—Wesley at Sand Gate of Newcastle, Asbury among the slaves, Janes seeking the lost of this city, hold a common commission. They defined the fundamental truths of the Bible, and urged them; but they never preached either philosophy or speculation.

It is difficult to say which traveled most, and it is hard to determine which was the most perfect organizer. Macaulay said, "Wesley had a genius for government not inferior to Richelieu's," and Parker pronounced him "the organizer of the last thousand years." But Asbury and Janes are now worthy to dispute this honor with him. Wesley created, Asbury planted, Janes developed, Methodism. Wesley contended against the mob and the clergy, Asbury against the wilderness and the clergy, Janes against fanaticism and slavery. Wesley found England

given over to ungodliness, Asbury found the colonies convulsed with revolution, Janes found the United States trembling on the chasm of disunion. Wesley preached and made books, Asbury preached and made a journal, Janes preached and made conferences. Each was conservative, yet aggressive. Wesley clung to the Church of England, yet created Methodism. Asbury clung to the separating conferences, yet created the episcopacy. Janes called after the Church South, yet advocated the election of a colored general superintendent. Each accepted the poor as the field for the Church's greatest triumph. Each had a deep experience of grace, and set it forth in New Testament terms, and supported high professions of consecration by far higher examples of liberality. Each practiced the strictest economy in order to give more abundantly to the needy causes of the Church.

In domestic life they differed most widely. Wesley had the worst of all things, an unfortunate marriage. Asbury had the next to the worst of all things, no marriage at all. Janes had the best of all things, a most perfect wife. Together they demonstrated the power of grace over all possible conditions of life. One in character, one in gifts, one in experience, one in conviction, and one in destiny, they stand together to-day in Church

history the supreme triumvirate of Methodism, and, I doubt not, they stand also this hour together hand in hand before the throne of God.

The life of Bishop Janes had but one purpose, and his death could leave but one testimony. The light that is brighter than the noonday sun, that had been shining into his life for nearly fifty years, could not fail him in the dark valley. Dr. Eddy dashed out upon the plains of eternity, like a plumed warrior charging for victory, in the maturity of his strength. Bishop Janes walked forth with firm tread and perfect repose, like a victorious warrior returning after the triumph is gained. To my thought nothing could be grander than the repose with which he accepts the eternal city. He has walked with God so many years, and so often pointed the dying and sorrowing to the city with gates of pearl, and streets of gold, and palaces of fire, and thrones of light, that all these things are familiar to the eye of his faith. He enters heaven, from the harvest-field of the world, with the quietness of perfect repose. I know of nothing grander in the history of the race. In thought I have gone out through the Gate of the Martyrs in Rome with Paul as he went forth to kiss the headsman's ax. I have seen that man, ripe in years, rich in experience, familiar with death, who had met and vanquished all the foes of

the infant Church, stand before the executioner, saying, "I am now ready to be offered. . . . I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." There is confidence in that. Only such a soul as Paul could use such an experience. I have walked yonder with Elijah, and caught the rapture of his soul as he neared the Jordan; I have watched this grand old prophet of the mountains, who had lived in the solitude of nature's grandest scenes, who had gazed with eye undimmed on the clouds of fire that wrapped the mountain summit, and stood with courage unabated, with his foot on the heaving bosom of the earthquake; I have seen this man step into the chariot of Israel, and ascend in a whirlwind of fire, and I have been awed, as in the presence of God. But to my mind there is something unlike these, indeed, but in its kind not inferior in calm sublimity, in the dying of Bishop Janes. At the end of his worldly journey he pauses a moment in the bed of the Jordan, and, looking straight up into the face of God, he says, "I am not disappointed."

Brothers, the substantial part of this life we may repeat. Most of its greatness lies within the reach of a holy ambition and consecrated will. Average gifts, concentrated into power, exercised into greatness, purified

into strength, glorified into beauty, vitalized by the divine Spirit, and driven by an absolute, despotic, resistless, omnipotent will, can repeat the wonders of this character as often as the world needs such leaders. May the mantle of this man fall upon the young men entering the ministry till every ear on earth hears the good news, and every seat in heaven by the side of Paul is occupied!



